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The Dublin Review

APRIL, MAY, JUNE, 1924

PRIEST AND PRIME MINISTER

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF MONSIGNOR SEIPEL

NEVER before, in old or new Austria, has a man been made Prime Minister after the manner of Monsignor Seipel, Austria's ruling Federal Chancellor. His friends did not want him to hold the post; his political opponents were craving for him, not because they expected that Dr. Ignatius Seipel would save Austria, but because they hoped he would perish together with his followers in this attempt to save her, thus opening the way for the rule of a crude socialism. His friends were afraid of what the others were hoping for. They apprehended that failure. The fact that it was a priest at the head of the country might, they feared, serve as a pretext for fresh stimulants for the Kultukampf. Dr. Siepel became Austria's Chancellor, therefore, because he alone clearly saw his way before him, while others despaired of Austria's salvation, and found no way out of the difficulties. When all other attempts failed, he felt it to be his duty to fill up the gap. And he did so, even at the risk of his life. Nobody could know whether the heavy strain in store for him would not soon exhaust his strength—diminished by diabetes as it already was.

Who is this Professor Ignatius Seipel who, at the end of May, 1922, having been in public life for only a few years, took the helm of the young Austrian State? He had been a member of Parliament only since the breakdown of

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the old Monarchy, elected in the first district of Vienna, the City, the seat of the old patricians and tradesmen of Vienna. Never, since 1867, at the birth of the constitution in Austria, had a priest been elected as its member of Parliament. He is a Viennese, born in 1876, the son of simple people, heir in his cradle of all the qualities of a genuine Viennese: an artistic sense, a love and fine understanding of music, good humour, and a cosmopolitan intellect free of all chauvinism. Already, when a student of theology, he drew the attention of his teachers to his subtle head and unimpeachable character. Professor Francis Schindler, a former Rector of Vienna University and co-founder of the Christian-Social Movement in Austria, selected the promising young priest as his successor in the chair of Moral Theology. "You will see this man is destined to play a prominent part in the history of Austria," I was told one day by this master of Catholic Sociology. With the exception of his colleagues among the clergy and the pupils of an Imperial Girls' School where he was chaplain, nobody in Vienna knew the young scholar. There followed years of retirement and untiring scientific work at Salzburg, the old residence of the archbishops, where he held a professorship of Moral Theology. There, in the circles of Catholic men of arts and sciences, in the Leogesellschaft, he met Dr. Henry Lammasch, the great Austrian teacher of International Law, who had been the representative of Austria at the International Peace Conferences and a member of the Arbitral Tribunal at the Hague—he whose ardent belief in a codified International Law replacing force and injustice by peaceful agreements never withered even in the burning flames of the world's war. Two congenial characters had found themselves, both of them deeply possessed of real Catholic convictions; faithful patriotic Austrians, who aimed alike at a solution of huge problems, not only in respect of the polyglot Hapsburg Monarchy, but also of a new ethical order of the relations between nations.

At the end of 1916, the Emperor Charles ascended

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the throne of the Hapsburgs—a young well-meaning monarch who, in spite of the successes his armies had won, was not to be shaken in his endeavours to reach peace, and was to make sacrifices for it. On repeated occasions he took the advice of the two men whose views tallied with his own intentions. In the meantime Dr. Seipel had been appointed to the University of Vienna; and already signs began to appear on the political horizon that decisions of great importance impended for the Hapsburg Monarchy. Now Dr. Seipel thought the hour had come for him to step out of his quiet study into the open. As early as 1916 a paper, *Nation and the State*, had appeared from his pen; and in 1917 a new and larger one, *The Austrian Constitutional Question*, followed. Therein he laid down the fundamental lines of a reformation of the legal rights of the different nationalities of Austria. It is one of the most deplorable and fatal effects of war that, during its duration, the fighting parties are separated by a wall through which the sounds of spiritual life of the one party will penetrate in a mutilated form only, and just the finest and most valuable voices fail to reach the ears of the other party. Perhaps a good many mistakes, deeply deplored at a later stage, would have been avoided if the views of the very best among the Austrian people had been known in Europe and America. When the difficulties in Austria had reached a climax, and thundering noise announced the approach of revolution, Emperor Charles, in October, 1918, entrusted the learned Dr. Lammasch with the leadership of the Austrian Cabinet, and put Dr. Seipel at his side as Minister for Public Works and Social Welfare. It was too late. The cabinet of which Dr. Seipel was a member was the last Imperial Government; and a few days after their nomination old Austria had passed away. . . .

Most horrible were the pictures unveiled in the coming months. It seemed that the new and reduced Austria, the product of the Treaties of Peace, would follow old Austria closely and find an early grave. Famine in the most frightful form, never seen before, came upon the

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towns ; all order was dissolved. The ideas of a wild and violent Communism, introduced from the Russian front and the Russian prisoner-camps, infected many thousands of hungry and uprooted people. The old army had been broken up ; in its place "Red Guards," shouting for the dictatorship of the Proletariate, and the Revolutionary troops, not knowing yet *when* they were going to make Bolshevism their common cause with the more utterly disaffected, infested the barracks. Labourers armed themselves with stolen machine-guns ; the confiscation of castles, palaces and private gardens was demanded ; not a citizen felt safe in his home. The non-socialistic groups of the recently elected National Assembly were intimidated. The Socialist party, now the strongest in Parliament, though recognizing the dangers of Bolshevism, preferred to make a compromise with the extreme elements instead of combating them. The National Assembly became the scene of a revolutionary legislation, blindly striking at the best spiritual and economic ideals. The development of affairs was conspicuously manifested by the deterioration of the Austrian currency. In view of that never before experienced event new horror struck the masses. What had been a political and national catchword only in the days of the late Monarchy, under the impression of the onrush of all sorts of catastrophes, became now the cry of despair of the broad masses : "Anschluss," the union with Germany ! The Pan-Germans thought to find therein the realization of old dreams ; while the Socialists hoped that they would subject for ever the Austrian Catholic provinces in the Alps, thanks to the power of German Socialism. For all the rest of the population "Anschluss" was identical with flight from the State to which they belonged but which they did not trust any more. This cry developed into panic. Can the citizens of an old empire, who see in its commonwealth the embodiment of the history and traditions of their people—can they understand what it means if a people is willing to sacrifice its national independence, its political vocation, its national traditions ? And the

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louder this intention was expressed the more grew the danger: for Treaty obligations and the interests of the neighbours forbade a dismemberment of Austria.

In this terrible and unfortunate confusion of minds, one man stood like a rock. Far and high he rose above the masses, undisturbed by the opinions of the day and the passions raging round him, never shaken in his belief in God and mankind, and in the task allotted to his Austrian fatherland. Dr. Ignatius Seipel, after the dismemberment of the old State, had been elected a member of the National Assembly on the basis of equal universal suffrage of men and women: the only statesman of the last imperial era, and soon the recognized leader of the Catholics of Vienna. He preached to them faith and confidence in poor small Austria: he demanded rigorous internal reforms and pointed at the inviolability of Treaties. He was not left without contradiction even from the ranks of the Christian Social party; but he carried his point with them. Many times I saw him amid the stress of passionate debates; not a single trait altered in the features of that head of a Roman, formed as if of bronze. Hardly did he raise his voice when, in opposition to the others, he piled up the arguments for his views in perfect mastery. The politician was turned into a philosopher, the fighter became a calculator speaking to the point. With composed countenance, he took the weapons out of the hands of his adversaries as if they were toys. Professors are not liked in Austrian political circles; for they are supposed to be possessed of a disposition to put forward impracticable theories; and even in this Catholic country, which had had in its Parliament prominent members of the clergy, there ruled prejudices against priests as Parliamentarians, reproached with being either too little conversant with the realities of the world or, on the other hand, too worldly-minded! But soon also his opponents, although combating him, learned that they had to judge of this particular Professor and Priest in a different way. When entering the political arena, he brought along with him

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the unselfishness and readiness to make sacrifices of the true Christian. Already in an article published in the leading Catholic paper of Austria, the *Reichpost*, at Christmas, 1922, he had drawn up the fundamental lines of those reforms of finance and administration which, six months later, he began to accomplish, expressing his policy in these characteristic words : " Naturally, our whole work of reform will not be to our benefit unless we shall unceasingly aim also at a reform of the mind. It is certain that for a long time to come our people will need more than the usual amount of mental strength, they will need a confident belief in the future which has its deepest root in the belief in God ; and they will have to possess a willingness to make sacrifices which can only be inspired through the love of God in the very heart of man."

The Christian Socialist party came out the strongest in the elections for Parliament in the autumn of 1920. Dr. Seipel was elected its Chairman. But, as now in England, there was no compact majority in Parliament. The Socialists, now in the opposition, were strong enough to compel the disagreeing, non-Socialistic parties, though not in harmony in their aims, to enter into an accord with them that barred all remedial legislation. The krone was falling ; and the deficit of the State became enormous. The mint issued masses of uncovered notes ; and dissolution came nearer step by step. The Tyrol, the " Holy Land Tyrol," only a few years ago the stronghold of Austrian nationalism, voted for the union with Germany ; and on the summits of the mountains the youth of the Tyrol pulled out the boundary stones separating Austria from Bavaria. Plans were discussed as to how the parts of Austria, that ought not to become a part of Germany, were to be divided. Military preparations announced the readiness of Yugo-Slavia to take action in Carinthia and Styria. Then, both Italy and Czecho-Slovakia could hardly stay behind. What was to be the fate of Austria in the next few months ?

At this time we went through days which shook the

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hearts of the bravest. The Government of Chancellor Schober, that prudent and upright man who, in his capacity as president of the Vienna police, had saved the town from the horrors of civil war after the collapse of the old Monarchy, could not maintain its position. What now? At that moment the voices of the Socialists began to call for Dr. Seipel. Scornfully though it was, they called for him, anyhow, as being the man who, on account of his own importance and as leader of the strongest party, was bound to take over Government. When, on May 29th, 1922, the Chairman of the Christian Social party rang me up and told me that he was going to take the reins of Government, I replied, "Your Excellency, that will prove to be most unfortunate." And, like myself, all the others of his friends held the same view. Under this impression, Dr. Weiskirchner, Speaker of the House of Deputies, one of the oldest Christian Social Parliamentarians, spoke the following words at a public meeting: "If the Entente is to hesitate for some time more to bring us help, it will be inevitable that our crippled State as established by the various Treaties, must perish. It is now the last hour, indeed, and the formation of the Seipel Cabinet is the last attempt on the part of the Christian Socialists to come to the rescue of the State and the people whom they are serving." Only a very few among ourselves still dared to hope. When the Chancellor submitted his programme, which comprised the absolute necessity of strictest economy, a reform of the administration, the stabilization of the krone by stopping the note-press and the establishment of an independent Austrian bank of issue, the critics on the side of the Socialistic opponents poured jibes and jeers on him. They, too, did not believe in the feasibility of his programme.

One ought to know the state of minds prevailing at that time in order to be able to judge of what Dr. Seipel has made of Austria. Of course, success did not come at a single stroke. The body of the State falling with full force into the abyss increased the velocity of the downfall.

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On May 31st, 1922, the day Dr. Seipel was elected Chancellor, 189,000 kronen were paid for one pound sterling in Vienna; on August 14th it was already 261,365; and on August 30th, 352,000 kronen. Within a few weeks the deeply sunken Austrian currency had again deteriorated by one half. To be sure the Socialistic Press sarcastically wrote that this was coming from the Chancellorship of a man "who had not studied political economy, but the Fathers." Also the fact that the new Government succeeded in obtaining an internal loan, and brought about an understanding of the banks which laid the foundation for the establishment of the Austrian bank of issue, could not change the situation. But, in making all these great efforts, the intention of Dr. Seipel's Government was to prove to the foreign countries that the saying that a man about to be drowned is not in a position to pull himself out of the water by his own hair, is valid also in matters of politics. Dr. Seipel made it his task to convince the signatory Powers of the Treaty of St. Germain of the necessity that Austria was in absolute need of foreign help to overcome her difficulties. The experiences made at the outset were simply disheartening. In a letter to Mr. Lloyd George, President of the Inter-Allied Conference, Herr. G. Franckenstein, the Austrian Minister in London, described the desperate situation in Austria. The Austrian Government requested the Powers "to declare immediately whether they are prepared to take over part of the guarantee for an Austrian loan of fifteen million pounds. All means at the disposal of the Austrian Government to save the country are exhausted. A further depreciation of the krone must needs lead to social unrest which would constitute a most serious danger for the peace of Central Europe and make an end to the existence of Austria as an independent State. If no help should be forthcoming the Government will be obliged to declare in Parliament that neither the present nor any coming Government will be in a position to continue to administrate the country. They would be forced to state, in the face of

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the Austrian people and public opinion, that they hold the Powers of the Entente responsible for the breakdown of one of the oldest centres of civilization in Europe.” There came a crushing reply. After the Inter-Allied Conference had failed because of the question of reparations, the Austrian case was dealt with in a meeting of five minutes’ duration, and simply referred to the League of Nations. In a letter of August 15th, 1922, Mr. Lloyd George openly declared that it was “impossible” to admit of any hope whatever for renewed financial assistance on the part of the Allied Governments; the League of Nations should see whether it would be able to work out a plan for the reconstruction of Austria under certain guarantees.

No help then! The end of Austria now seemed to have come. In those days the Chancellor rose to his fullest height. “I am going to unroll the International problem of Austria,” he said in the intimate circle of his friends. Not many of them understood what he meant. Without returning home, he made his now famous trips to Prague, Berlin and Verona. He had the intention to show, and, indeed, he succeeded in showing, that Austria, no longer able to live from her own resources, was obliged to look out for some expedient that could not leave the equilibrium of Europe untouched. What kind of expedient was it? The union with Germany being out of the question, any other choice was even more remote. In the meantime international diplomacy had learned to know Dr. Seipel to be an upright man, unused to trickery. His judgment of the situation had a startling effect, especially at Prague. It could not be a matter of indifference what was to become of Austria. A man of the qualities of Dr. Benes fully realized the situation, and he did not hesitate to act accordingly when, after many weeks of anxiety for Austria, the meeting of the League of Nations took place at last, when the Austrian question and Dr. Seipel’s proposals were to be considered. The help that could not be obtained from the Inter-Allied Conference was secured from the League

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of Nations—the League that, up to this time, many had regarded as a useless instrument for handling great problems of practical life.

The Treaty of Geneva became Dr. Seipel's great International success. Its contents, whereby, in accordance with a clearly defined plan, Austria was to re-establish, within two years, her financial equilibrium with the assistance of International credits under the control of the League of Nations and against the pledging of her most important State monopolies and the Custom Revenues, are generally known. When, on his return, a few friends met the Chancellor at the Vienna station on a rainy morning, he pointed out to them that then was no time for rejoicing, that the Fatherland was going to face grave times, and that the hour for action had come. From the first day, Dr. Seipel did not conceal from the public that he was going to demand great efforts and sacrifices from the population. Each of the warm supporters of Austria's cause at Geneva—in this connection every Austrian is remembering Lord Balfour with feelings of deep gratitude—had emphasized how hard and difficult in his opinion the task was that had been set to the Austrians. But from now the success attained by Dr. Seipel in Geneva began steadily to grow. The krone was stabilized, and has remained one of the steadiest currencies of Europe. In consequence of the stabilization of the currency, economic life immediately began to get normal again. Under the pressure of public opinion even the Social Democratic opposition capitulated after it had at first received the Chancellor with reproaches, blaming him for having sacrificed Austria's sovereignty. Ah, for that sovereignty of a starved country ! At least the Socialists helped to invest the Government with the extraordinary powers required by the Treaty of Geneva which implied the passing of the respective Bills by a majority of two-thirds. The immense deficit in the first draft budget for the year 1923 was reduced to one-half. At the end of the year the definite figures for receipts and expenditure showed a further fine improvement.

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The estimated deficit for 1924 represents only a third of the uncovered balance which had been reckoned in the preceding year; it will be brought down to roundly ten millions of kronen in gold. As is firmly hoped, the financial equilibrium of the country will be arrived at by the end of 1924. And, with all this, the present burden of taxation is only 60 per cent. of what the Austrians had to pay in the years preceding the war. In 1913, the average amount of direct and indirect taxation was nearly 80 gold kronen for each of the population; in 1924, however, it fell to only 45. The regulations of the Austrian bank of issue provide for a 20 per cent. covering of the notes; in fact, over 50 per cent. are covered by metal reserve and securities. Of the enormous number of 270,000 public officials, left to the new small State by the former Monarchy, about 60,000 have already been dismissed in accordance with the measures for economy set forth in the Geneva programme. The amount of saving-deposits, which constitutes a very good test of the economical situation of a country, shows an increase from 31 milliards in September, 1922, to almost 700 milliards in March, 1924. Already, in his Report submitted to the League of Nations in September, 1923, Commissioner General Dr. Zimmerman, its representative, was able to say: "In a few years new Austria will be a country the citizens of which will have a right to feel proud; the more so, as they have helped with their own energy to rescue it from a crisis which was one of the worst history has ever known."

In his "Political Speeches," George Canning uttered the famous words: "Men are everything, measures comparatively nothing. I speak of times of difficulty and danger; of times when systems are shaken, when precedents and general rules of conduct fail. Then it is, that not to this or that measure, however prudently devised, however blameless in execution, but to the energy and character of individuals, a State must be indebted for its salvation. Then it is that kingdoms rise or fall in proportion as they are upheld, not by well-meant en-

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deavours, but by commanding, over-awing talents, by able men."

This was the case with Austria. More than by measures that country was saved by a man. Nothing would have been possible without the personality of that Chancellor, nothing from trifles to things of importance. It is strange how that became manifest; even in the outer appearance of the rooms in the old palace of the Chancellory—which, fully neglected in the times of revolution, seemed to reassume their former stateliness. This Chancellor possessed none of the powerful means modern statesmen have at their disposal to give weight to their will and decisions; he had nothing but himself, yet he worked wonders.

Monsignor Seipel lives a simple and a modest life. Even after his nomination to the Chancellorship he retained his small apartment of two rooms which had become his home after his appointment as Superior of the Convent of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, in the third Vienna district. Every morning he celebrates Holy Mass for the assembled Sisters. He attends the Confessional as often as he can. Between his official duties he appears as priest; speaking comfort to the sick and dying, and preaching in the prisons. Repeatedly he was threatened with death by individual Socialistic fanatics; but never was he deterred from accepting an invitation because it might put him in danger. When, last summer, the Chancellor went for an inspection of some new electric works in Upper Austria, he was surrounded by an escort for his protection because the managers did not trust the Communistic workmen engaged in building them. "We were in great anxiety," the manager of building operations told me. "At a certain place the workmen had assembled in a large group, and we knew that there was among them a number of dangerous fellows. We tried to protect the Chancellor. Discovering our intention he stepped out of the group of his followers and walked up to the workmen alone, overlooking their group with his sharp kindly eyes. A few

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seconds only and their hands were raised—hesitating at first—to their caps, and then we were the witnesses of a general, friendly welcome. By Jove! At that moment I became filled with respect for the courage of this man,” the veteran officer added.

One of the causes of economic distress and of Stock Exchange speculation was the depreciation of the value of building property in consequence of legislation which had given the occupants a lodging almost for nothing, to the ruin of the proprietors and mortgagees. Such an arrangement had many interested supporters ; but, during the campaign for the elections of October, Dr. Seipel, preferring justice to expediency, insisted on the necessity of changing the law. The Socialists made that policy of the Chancellor the occasion of their boisterous war-cry ; and it was with anxiety that Dr. Seipel’s friends watched the fray. The deputy, Herr Schönsteiner, who was at the head of the electioneering committee of the Christian Social party, once asked the Chancellor : “ Is Your Excellency going to make another speech on the necessity of changing the rent law ? ” Smilingly, Dr. Seipel replied : “ Nineteen times more I am going to make that speech ! ” It must be said that this happened when it was just nineteen days till election day.

His eloquence is clear, intelligible to the plain man even in the most difficult lines of thought, and avoids all the rhetoric in use from the days of Dr. Leuger, the famous public orator. Also, when speaking unprepared, the sentences flow out of his mouth in classical unity of form and thought. Walking up and down in the room for half an hour he dictates, as if reading from a book, the answers to the questions put to him, never pausing for a moment or correcting himself, so that not a single stroke of the pen is left to the newspaper-man. Before the last elections, Dr. Seipel preferred to speak in the densely populated suburbs and workmen’s quarters of the capital. Crowds of Socialists were his audience there. It was very interesting, indeed, to listen to their conversations : “ I had thought him to be quite a different sort of man.

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Listen how he speaks, never is he insulting his opponents!"
"Our leaders do not speak of him with similar fairness!"
"And what he is saying I had never before seen in our paper!" "He is right! He is a real statesman!"

Surely many of these men had cast their votes in favour of the Socialists; but now a spiritual bridge has been built for better understanding and friendly peacefulness where, before, party grudge had piled up unreasonable prejudices against the Catholic priest and Christian Social Parliamentarian. He is supported by the philosophical training of a learned man, by clearness of judgment sharpened by scholastic studies, by a splendid memory and great accuracy. Several months ago it was the question of writing down certain historic details of the eventful days in October and November, 1918. A number of prominent witnesses of that day, Christian Social Parliamentarians and public writers, were present. My own memory was assisted by some fragmentary notes I had taken in those days. But the subversive events of the revolution had followed one another in such striking rapidity, that most of those present retained only a general impression of what had happened, and contradicted each other in the most important facts which they had witnessed in common. Dr. Seipel disentangled the confusion. He produced a diary in which he had entered with scanty words from hour to hour the occurrences he had taken part in. And this narrow framework he now filled up with a memory which covered even the smallest details.

All these qualities—the modesty of his life, his unselfishness, his calm and courage, the crystal purity of his character and actions, his sharp intellect, as well as the public successes he has won, have made him the most popular man of Austria. But to mention all these qualities would not suffice to draw a true portrait of Dr. Seipel unless it be added that he is a Catholic priest, every inch of him, and that this priestliness has its expression in his whole view of life and in his devotion to his duties. In the course of an address he gave lately, he

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spoke against the indifference of a multitude of people about their social duties; he declared: "I have not the ambition to be described as the statesman who has only helped to relieve the financial situation of our country; I know that we ought to save also something else—our souls." An example of devoted love of country, he regards his strength as rooted in the Catholic religion—from which men like Thomas More, Cardinal Manning and Cardinal Gibbons derived their greatness. A true Austrian, he is also a citizen of the Catholic world, which may well be proud of him.

FREDERICK FUNDER.

A FIXED EASTER

ARE we to have done with a movable Easter? At present we are keeping Easter on the first Sunday after the first full moon in spring. Spring begins at the vernal equinox, March 21st, when day and night are of the same length all over the earth, or at least practically so. The earliest possible Easter is therefore March 22nd, the latest possible April 25th. When it happens that full moon falls on a Saturday and that Saturday be March 21st, then on the very next day Easter is kept on its earliest possible date. When it happens that full moon falls on a Sunday and that Sunday be April 18th, we have to wait till the following Sunday and we have our latest possible Easter on April 25th.

Thus Easter can vary by 35 days, the length of a whole cycle of the moon, i.e., about $29\frac{1}{2}$, plus the inside of a week. Owing to the concurrence of several variables in calculating Easter, there seems to be no regular sequence in its occurrence, at least for those who are not astronomers. This year's Easter, April 20th, has occurred in 1919, and will occur again in 1930 and then will not occur again in the lifetime of most of our readers. This variation is troublesome and disturbing in commercial and civil life, and it is not to be wondered at that people want to change it. Easter is meant to be the anniversary of Christ's resurrection: why, then, did Christians put their feast on a movable date at all? Christians kept the memory of our Lord's resurrection week after week on a Sunday, it was natural that the solemn annual commemoration should also be kept on a Sunday. Now the first Christians were Jews and it was easy to remember that our Lord rose the Sunday after the Jewish Passover. The real calendar date of the solar year was soon forgotten. The Jews and the Eastern Semites had no solar months at all and only a very approximate way of conforming to the solar year. In the incredible confusion of calendars in the first centuries of our era in the East it was difficult to

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fix and express a date. If someone had marked the exact year "from the founding of the city" (U.C.) of Rome, and the Roman month and the relation to the Kalends, Ides or Nones thereof, there would be no difficulty in settling the date. Eastern Christians, however, either did not use this system of dates or in passing through districts where different eras and calendars prevailed, found it impossible to remember or express the correct day and year. Perhaps the reader may think that if now a fixed Easter be adopted, Christians had best appoint the Sunday nearest to the actual day, in our present calendar, on which our Lord rose from the dead. At first this may not seem a difficult thing to do, but on second thoughts one realizes the intricacies of the problem. Let us see. It was a Friday when our Lord died. It was during the governorship of Pontius Pilate, i.e., A.D. 26 to 36. It was the day of or the day before the Jewish Passover, i.e., the day of the spring full moon or the 14th of the Jewish month Nisan; that means sometime between March 21st and April 19th, as we express dates. The Jews did not keep Passover on the Sunday *after* the full moon, but on the very day itself of the full moon. The Christians, in order to avoid the coincidence of their Christian Easter and the Jewish Passover, have put their own feast purposely on the Sunday *after*. Now is it difficult to ascertain when Friday occurred on or the day before the spring full moon between A.D. 26 and 36? Let us enumerate possible dates.

Anno Domini 30, April 7th, was a Friday. In that year the astronomical or real new moon had taken place on March 22nd, at 8.24 p.m. The Jews, however, did not in the New Testament period ascertain the phases of the moon by astronomical calculations, but by very rough and ready methods. They cannot but have known that a cycle of the moon was about $29\frac{1}{2}$ days, but for the actual fixing of Passover they depended on first fixing the first of Nisan and its new moon by watching the sky with the naked eye. Now before the eye can see the faintest glimmer of the shining

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segment of the new moon, the real new moon, i.e., the exact position of the moon between the earth and the sun, and therefore its turning its dark side completely to us, is already past by 24 to 36 or even 48 hours. In consequence, though it was astronomically new moon on March 22nd at 8.24 p.m. the Jews probably saw the new moon on March 24th. Now add 14 days to that, for Passover was not on the first but on the 14th of the new month, it was not at new moon but at *full* moon. Therefore it was Passover on Friday, April 7th, A.D. 30. This, therefore, is possibly the day on which our Lord died, *if* He died on Passover itself, not on the day before.

Now let us make a second guess. April 3rd, A.D. 33, was a Friday. The astronomical or real new moon that year was March 19th, 1.12 p.m. The Jews probably *saw* the new moon on March 21st, some time in the evening. Add 14 days to that and you realize that Friday, April 3rd, was the day before the Passover. This, therefore, is possibly the day on which our Lord died, *if* He died on the day before the Passover.

Now let us make a third guess. In A.D. 29, March 18th and April 15th were Fridays. Now could April 15th of that year possibly have been Passover for the Jews, or the day before? It is just barely possible. Astronomical new moon that spring was April 2nd, at 7.55 p.m. Add 14 days and you get April 15th, a Saturday. But how did the Jews know of this astronomical new moon, considering that they only judged by the naked eye and no segment of the moon can have been visible during the night of April 2nd? However, at least astronomically, Friday, April 15th, A.D. 29, was the day before the full moon, the technical date of the Jewish Passover. The likelihood of the Jews having actually observed the Pasch on the following day is very slight. It depends on whether the Jews by that time often abandoned their mere ocular observation of the moon phases for astronomically accurate calculations. Some scholars, indeed, maintain that they had already done so, but until A.D. 170 the use of astronomical

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calculations by the Jews is against all historical probability. Hence we may set this date aside as less likely.

There remains still a fourth possibility. March 18th was a Friday and it was also the 14th day after an observable new moon, which that year fell astronomically on March 4th, at 5 a.m. and was therefore visible eleven hours afterwards, March 4th, 6 p.m., before sunset. Now many readers will at once set this day aside because March 18th is three days too early. Spring begins March 21st, and a full moon on March 18th is *not* the full moon *in spring*.

Perfectly true. But are we quite certain that the Jews knew it was only the 18th of March? But surely they must have known! If they did not know the day and the month in the year surely the whole problem is idle and a waste of time! Not so quick! The Jews knew, of course, the day of their *own* month, but did they know the day of the Roman or solar month? Our months are merely artificial divisions of the sun year, one-twelfth part of 365 days, and then in order to get in the odd five days we add a day to January, March, May, July, August, October and December, and take away two days, and in a leap year only one day from February. The Jews, however, had *real* months, not artificial ones. The month was really the length of one cycle of the moon, i.e., $29\frac{1}{2}$ days and some odd minutes. In consequence they were every year out by about 13 days with regard to the sun year. The Arabs, from whom the present-day Mohammedans still have their calendar, have stuck to this purely lunar cycle of 12 moon months, totally disregarding the course of the seasons. The Jews, as the other Syrians, had found this total disregard of the seasons, and therefore of sowing and harvest time, too awkward in agriculture, and had adopted a rough and ready way to adjust their moon years to the solar or seasonal year. It was a clumsy but workable method. They inserted not as we do, one day in a Leap year, but they inserted *a whole month* so that some years had 13 months, for some years had two Marches in sequence. Adar ve Adar they

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called it. If this is done twice in every five years the solar year will roughly be kept.

As a matter of fact, the Jews had the following rules for intercalating this extra March. First, they considered the corn harvest. The harvest had to be sufficiently advanced to make it possible according to the regulations of Leviticus xxiii. 11, to bring the first ears of corn to the priest on the day after the Passover. When they realized that this could not happen in a fortnight, they intercalated a whole month and so obtained 44 days instead of 14 days to wait. Secondly, they considered the state of the fruit harvest. Thirdly, the sun had to have reached the point "tekufah," i.e., it had to stand in Aries. In consequence, though the Passover full moon was usually on or after the equinox, i.e., our March 21st, it is not at all impossible that with a very early ripening harvest of corn and fruit the Jewish authorities should have decided to celebrate the great feast on the full moon which astronomically preceded the equinox by three days.

Hence it is quite possible that the Jews kept Passover Friday, March 18th, A.D. 29, and that this is the day on which our Lord died. Now this is precisely the only date which has any support in tradition. Tertullian, Lactantius and Hippolytus tell us that our Lord died in the consulate of L. R. Geminus and C. R. Geminus, i.e., A.D. 29. This tradition in these three early Fathers is clearly mutually independent and therefore of some real value. Moreover, Tertullian tells us our Lord died in the month of March, so does Hippolytus, but he unfortunately says that it was March 23rd, which was not a Friday. The same year, A.D. 29, is also attested by the fact that the destruction of Jerusalem is fixed by St. Chrysostom as over 40 years after the death of Christ, or by Clement of Alexandria and Origen as 42 years after the death of Christ, which brings us to a date previous to A.D. 30. Eusebius, relating the legend of Abgar, places the sending of St. Thaddeus by our Lord to Edessa in the year of the Greeks 340, which is our year A.D. 28-29, Sept.-Sept. St. Hippolytus says 206 years have passed from the 13th year of the

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Emperor Severus and the death of Christ, this again brings us to A.D. 29. Lastly, the Fasti Consulares of A.D. 354 fix the death of Christ in the year 782 of the building of the city, which is our year A.D. 29.

All these witnesses make it extremely likely that the real year is A.D. 29, and if so we must choose between March 18th and April 15th, both days being full moon that year. The only serious doubt arises from the possibility of the year A.D. 30 instead of A.D. 29, the chronological data not always being so precise as to exclude the possible divergence of one year. The year A.D. 33 has no chance of being correct, for then our Lord would have been 35 at least at His baptism, which is difficult to reconcile with Luke iii. 23, and the first Pasch of our Lord's public life would not have been 46 after the Herodian Restoration of the Temple, hence this would contradict John ii. 20.

We are finally thrown back on the apparently insoluble question: Did our Lord die on the day itself of the Jewish Passover or the day before it? A question on which the greatest scholars are divided we shall not presume to settle, but it is at least of interest to realize what the difficulty really is.

We must keep well in mind that for a Jew the day ends with sunset. Our division by what we call 12 midnight was not used by them. It is, of course, purely arbitrary, it is just convenient because it happens when most people are asleep and when they rise they find a new day has come. The Jews had a more obvious division: the day ended with sunset. The Jew of to-day begins the Sabbath on what we call Friday evening at the precise moment when the disc of the sun has disappeared from the horizon. In this northern climate he keeps calendars to tell him precisely the moment when Friday is over and when the sacred Saturday, the Sabbath, begins. This is true also of his feast days, Passover, his Easter began on what we would call the evening before, or what we Catholics still call "the First Vespers." The Catholic Church has actually kept Jewish ways in her liturgy.

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Our Blessed Lord died at 3 o'clock p.m. on Friday, therefore the question is: was the Jewish Passover that year from Thursday sunset to Friday sunset, or from Friday sunset to Saturday sunset. In the first case our Lord actually ate the Paschal Lamb previous to the institution of the Mass on Thursday evening, and He actually died on the Jewish Passover day, which that year immediately preceded the ordinary Sabbath. In the second case our Lord did not eat the Paschal Lamb previous to the institution of the Mass on Thursday evening, and He did not die on the Jewish Passover day itself but about three hours before it, while they were slaying the Paschal Lamb in preparation for eating it that evening, which evening that year was both Passover and Sabbath together.

On this question at first sight the three Synoptics, that is, Matthew, Mark and Luke, seem to contradict St. John. St. John seems to say that Christ died the day before the Passover; Matthew, Mark and Luke that He died on Passover day itself. It is easy enough to say: Somebody made a mistake, that's all! We Catholics can allow no "mistakes" in the inspired Word of God. Even from a pure historical standpoint it is extremely unlikely that St. John *really* contradicts the other three Evangelists, because the difference in date between the Gospels is too little, and all four Evangelists are too close on the facts, and the Christian community too interested and vigilant, and still too Jewish in its membership, to have really erred or allowed an error on this matter. Both Faith and history are simply concerned how to reconcile these four authorities. Some argue this way:

We can take it for granted that the first and obvious meaning of Matthew, Mark and Luke must be kept, so that Christ died on the Jewish Passover, and we must somehow reconcile St. John's words with this fact.

The most difficult text undoubtedly is John xviii. 28. The Jews leading Jesus from Caiaphas to Pilate in the morning "went not into the hall, that they might not be defiled but that they might eat the Pasch." On Friday

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morning, therefore, they had not yet eaten the Paschal Lamb. Now the Paschal Lamb had to be eaten between sunset and sunrise on their Passover feast. Hence Passover was still to come. Friday was the day *before* the feast. The difficulty *seems* insurmountable! Not so. First: "Eating the Pasch" in this sentence *cannot* mean eating the Paschal Lamb. The Jews feared legal pollution by entering a pagan's house. Now such legal pollution only lasted till sunset. As the Paschal Lamb was to be eaten *after* sunset, it did not matter in the very least whether they went into Pilate's house or not, they could have eaten the Paschal Lamb in any case. Their fear of pollution must have been caused because they had to be legally pure for the eating of something before the evening; this could not be the Paschal Lamb, which could never be eaten after sunrise. Second: Eating the Pasch must be understood in a broad sense of eating the thank-offerings in the afternoon of the feast of the Unleavened Breads, the so-called Chagiga. Such broad use of the word "Pasch" is clear from St. John himself (ch. ii. 13, xviii. 39) and also Josephus, *Ant.*, xiv. 2, where Pasch means the whole seven days of the solemnity. The usual phrase moreover for the ceremonies relating to the Lamb is "slaying," or "preparing," or "sacrificing" the Pasch, not eating the Pasch.

Then there are the difficulties with two other texts of St. John: xix. 14 speaks of "the paraseve of the Pasch." Now paraseve is the Greek word for preparation. Hence it was the preparation day, not the day itself of the Passover. To this others answer that the Greek word "the preparation" was a standing term for every and any Friday, because it always preceded the Sabbath. "Preparation day" simply means Friday. Hence we must translate: it was Friday of Passover week.

Again, John xix. 31 says of the day after our Lord's death that it was *a great Sabbath*. The only natural reason for this expression is that it coincided that year with Passover. To this others answer that there are other possible explanations. Possibly: because on that

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day, the day after Passover, the first ears of corn were offered in the temple ; or because it was the Sabbath in Easter week ; or because it succeeded Passover, a holiday, on which abstinence of work was not so severe, or for any other reason we do not know. In any case it need not be because it coincided with Passover.

Other scholars argue in a directly opposite direction. St. John's text, they say, is too clear, therefore SS. Matthew, Mark and Luke must be made to agree with it. First of all: With the sole exception of the story of the Last Supper, Matthew, Mark and Luke actually support St. John's contention that our Lord died the day *before* the Jewish Passover.

Notice, first, that according to Matthew, Mark and Luke, Simon of Cyrene, obviously a Jew, came from the country, i.e., he came from his farm or plot of land, and returning thus from his work to town, he met Jesus and was forced to carry the Cross. But if it was Passover, on which all servile work was forbidden, how could a man be returning from his work ?

Notice, secondly, that Barabbas was released according to Jewish custom for the Passover. Surely it is unreasonable to suppose that he was released after the central solemnity of Passover was passed. It would be like releasing a man for Christmas on Boxing Day ! Barabbas must have been released before the eating of the Paschal Lamb, not the morning after it !

Notice, thirdly, that the high priests and elders and a number of Jews must have been closely occupied with the condemnation of Jesus from Thursday evening to Friday mid-day and that on the greatest and most solemn day of all the year ! This would seem as unlikely as a sitting of a high court of justice in England on Christmas evening ! Pilate, it is true, was a heathen, Passover did not concern him. The people who put Christ to death were not scrupulous, it is true, but there were surely outward rules of decorum and decency to be observed, which they could not afford to set aside. The arrest of Jesus in Gethsemane and His conveyance to Annas and Caiaphas was done

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by Jews, who had to eat the Paschal Lamb, so had all the members of the Sanhedrin. It was simply *the* great religious act of the Jewish year. They could not have omitted it. For a Jew it was almost as much as his life was worth to do so in Jerusalem. Yet if Christ died on Passover day scores of people were busy with His arrest and condemnation when normally they would have been in the bosom of their families. This strange anomaly is avoided if we grant that Christ died the day *before* the Passover.

Once again. On a Jewish holiday no work was allowed except the preparation of food. Now we read in St. Mark that Joseph of Arimathea bought a shroud to wrap our Lord's body in. We read in St. Luke that the women prepared ointments and sweet spices for our Lord's burial. As good Jewish women they stopped their preparations punctually at the moment of sunset on Friday evening, for then the Jewish Sabbath began. This was the reason why they had to wait till Sunday morning and they came the first possible moment—sunrise after the Sabbath. Now if the day our Lord died was Passover, did Joseph find the shops open to buy the shroud? Did the women, who so scrupulously observed the Sabbath, go against their conscience in preparing the ointments and sweet spices?

Now that the Jerusalem shops were open is also taken for granted by St. John, who tells us that, when Christ spoke to Judas before he left the upper room, the disciples thought He said: "Buy what is necessary for us on the day of the feast." Surely they could no more have thought that than a Londoner would think of sending someone out on Christmas Day to buy what is necessary for the dinner. So far so good. Matthew, Mark and Luke are in full harmony with St. John: Christ died the day *before* the Passover. There remains the real difficulty.

According to the three Evangelists the Last Supper took place on Passover evening and was itself nothing else but the Passover festal meal, after which Christ instituted the Blessed Sacrament. We read that it happened "on the first day of the Unleavened Bread, when they slew the

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Pasch." This surely is definite. The Jews were forbidden to eat leavened bread the seven days of the Paschal solemnity, and the first day of the seven is nothing else but the day of Passover itself, when they ate the Paschal Lamb.

At first it would seem so, but let us look at the words a little more closely. As a matter of fact, "the day of the Unleavened Breads when they slew the Pasch" would already have been as plain a designation as possible, i.e., the day when the people eat the Mazzoth or the Unleavened Breads together with the Paschal Lamb at the Paschal meal. Of course, they eat them throughout the whole following week because they are forbidden to eat any other bread, but there is only *one* occasion when they are *bound* to eat them, that is, with the flesh of the Paschal Lamb. Now why did the Evangelist use the superfluous and tautological expression: "the first day of the Azymes when they slew the Pasch"? The very superabundance of the words creates suspicion. Must we not translate: "the day preceding" or "the day before" instead of "the first day of"? Now such a translation of *prōtēi* in the Greek is quite possible. To be "first of someone" means in Greek to be "before someone." The Baptist said of our Lord: "He was first of me," meaning in English: "He was before me." Our Lord said to the Apostles: "The world has hated Me first of you," meaning in English: "before you." There are a good number of examples of such use of "first" in classical Greek authors and in papyri of Second and Third Centuries. Hence we must translate: "the day that was first of the Azymes" by "the day before the Azymes."

It is remarkable that in Aramaic, the native language of St. Mark and St. Matthew and the other Apostles and no doubt the language of the Gospel story before it was in a Greek version, also has this peculiarity: *Kamma* can mean both "first of" and "previous to."

However, there remains, independently altogether of this expression, the almost irresistible impression that the meal at the Last Supper was really the Paschal meal.

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"With great desire have I desired to eat this Pasch with you," said our Lord Himself. The upper room was lent by the owner to Christ and His disciples for the precise purpose of eating the Passover. Our Lord sent out his Apostles to prepare the Passover, and they prepared it. It is exceedingly difficult to evade the force of the plain Gospel text. Some scholars nonetheless have tried to do so. Mostly rationalistic and non-Catholic scholars, but also some Catholic ones, though very few. In this country Prof. Box has learnedly defended the opinion that the Eucharistic Supper was not the Paschal meal but the *Kiddush*, the hallowing of wine and bread on Sabbath and festal evenings. Even Père Lagrange thinks that we must seriously consider the possibility of the Last Supper not having been the Paschal meal.

However this be, the vast majority of scholars have always held and do now hold the opposite, and the opinion that our Lord did not celebrate the Passover is so novel and as yet so doubtfully supported that at least in this article we will not further enlarge upon it.

On the supposition, then, that the Eucharist succeeded the Passover, we ask how can we explain that our Lord kept the Paschal feast the day before the Jews did? Some simply say that Christ on His own authority anticipated the day. Nobody doubts Christ's authority, of course, but why should He have used it? What need or reason was there of celebrating the Passover before He died? His Apostles must have been intensely amazed at this strange anticipation. Christ does not explain, the Gospels betray nothing unwonted. If Christ and His disciples were the only party in Jerusalem, who secretly and privately kept Passover, surely the Gospels would give some indication of it. In itself it seems the height of improbability.

Some, in consequence, say that the Jews kept Passover on the wrong day, a day too late, but Christ kept it on the correct date. The Jews transgressed their own law, say some early Fathers. But is it likely that Christ should have corrected some astronomical mistake in the calcula-

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tion of Easter? Christ came to teach us how to go to heaven, not how the heavens go. Would Christ have troubled about a mistake in the Jewish calendar?

To which some scholars answer: It was no mistake, it was deliberate. Christ corrected their deliberate breaking of the law. The authorities, so it is said, objected to the Passover day falling on a Friday, because it was inconvenient to have two days of rest: Passover and Sabbath following one another. Hence, by manipulating the calendar they saw to it that Passover never should fall on a Friday. They invented the so-called *Badu* rule.

Now, even if this were so, there remains—at least to my mind—the extreme unlikelihood of Christ's troubling to rectify trickery by the public authorities with the calendar and keeping Passover in isolation with His disciples in protest. And that only a few hours before the Jewish law should for ever pass away by His own death on the Cross! Moreover, it is almost demonstrably certain that this *Badu* rule was not in force in the days of Christ. The Mishna distinctly supposes that Passover *can* fall on a Friday.

There remains an explanation which, though not proven, is very ingenious and seems natural in the circumstances. In our Lord's day there was a dispute about the lawfulness of roasting the Paschal Lamb after sunset on Friday. The Sabbath rest most strictly forbade the lighting of any fire and the preparation of any food. The question was: Could the Passover celebration override the Sabbath law? Hillel had decided that it could, but this decision was not yet officially adopted. In our Lord's day, when Passover fell on Saturday, it was still regarded as unlawful to roast and prepare the Passover Lamb after sunset on Friday, because the Sabbath had then begun. In consequence the Lamb was slain, offered and roasted on the Thursday evening, but the eating of it took place at the proper time, viz., on the Friday after sunset, for there was no commandment forbidding eating on the Sabbath. So at least acted the high priests and their entourage, who were

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Sadducees. The Pharisees, and with them the majority of the people, however, argued in a different way. The Paschal Lamb had to be eaten on the same day that it was slain and offered. Hence, as it was slain and offered on Thursday, on Thursday it had to be solemnly eaten at the ceremonial Paschal meal. Our Lord and His disciples followed this custom, not because they wanted to imitate the Pharisees, but because they conformed to the ways of the bulk of the people.

Thus Chwolson, a Lithuanian Jew, converted to Christianity, seems to have given a satisfactory solution to the difficulty. St. John is perfectly right in saying that our Lord died the day before the Passover, and that the high priests wanted to eat the Paschal Lamb that evening; the three Evangelists were perfectly right in implying that Thursday evening and Friday till sunset was a Jewish working day, and they were also right in implying that Christ ate the Passover that very Thursday night. It is a splendid solution, *if it could be proven*, but it remains a guess. We know through the Hillel and Shammai disputes that the Jewish world at the time was much troubled about the conflict between Passover rites and Sabbath rest, but that they adopted the above solution, we may suppose but cannot prove.

If the calendar trick to keep Passover from the Friday already existed in our Lord's day, and if the Friday of our Lord's death was *real* Passover, whereas Saturday was only *official* Passover, then we have the additional satisfaction of knowing that our Lord kept the Paschal meal on the correct time according to the Old Testament prescriptions. This, however, would be due not to His desire to correct the official calendar, a procedure which would have caused needless consternation, but to His conforming to the custom of the bulk of the people, who ate the Lamb on Thursday evening, not because they understood anything of the *Badu* trick, but because they ate the Lamb on the day it was slain.

We conclude: 1. If Holy Saturday was the really correct astronomical Passover, then it was no doubt

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We conclude: 1. If Holy Saturday was the really correct astronomical Passover, then it was no doubt

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Saturday, April 16th, A.D. 29, and if our Lord died the day before it He died on April 15th, A.D. 29.

2. If Good Friday was Jewish Passover, not by astronomical calculation, but by counting 14 days from the first visible new moon, and if our Lord died on the Jewish Passover itself, it must have been April 7th, A.D. 30.

3. If Holy Saturday was Jewish Passover, not astronomically but by observation, and if our Lord died before the Passover, it must have been April 3rd, A.D. 33.

4. If Good Friday was the eve of Passover by miscalculation of a whole lunar month—the extra month not being inserted that year because of the advanced state of the harvest—and if our Lord died the day before the Passover, He must have died on March 18th, A.D. 29.

The year 33 is for several reasons less likely. There remain as probable dates A.D. 30 and 29, and therefore March 18th, April 7th or April 15th. Historical tradition seems to favour March, A.D. 29.

Certainty at present is impossible. If, in the future, Easter were placed on the first Sunday in April, Christians would gain, for it would occur nearer the actual date than it often does with our present movable day.

J. P. ARENDZEN.

THE PROBLEM OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S MASSACRE

THE massacre of St. Bartholomew was spread over a period of several weeks from the slaughter in Paris, August 24th, to that at Bordeaux in early October ; this last has several peculiar features and hardly owes its inspiration directly to the example of Paris. In a general way, the nearer the town to Paris the earlier the provincial massacre took place, but, as we all know, several provinces escaped, or almost wholly escaped. As to the numbers, there is great doubt, but that many perished is certain, perhaps four to five thousand in Paris, in Lyon, and in Rouen ; in these three cities above all, under circumstances of great barbarity.

Our problem lies in this, the solution of the reasons for the massacre as they appeared to contemporaries. The two explanations which I call the *Myths* were both credited to some extent by contemporaries, but they were dropped by responsible French historians such as Mézeray in the following century. The first myth : The theory of long premeditation, dating from 1565, we will qualify as we proceed, and, to make matters quite clear, let us wholly separate the fate of Coligny as such from the indiscriminate or popular massacre of the 24th. If Maurevert had not made a bad shot on the 22nd, what we call St. Bartholomew might, I even say probably, never have occurred. This myth has still many supporters in modern histories of those times.

The second myth is the theory of a Huguenot conspiracy by which the life of a king and the princes were threatened and the consequent necessity of anticipating the danger. This was the original official explanation of the Court to the provincial governors and for the use of its ambassadors abroad, especially for those accredited to the allied or friendly Protestant powers. It has not

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much credit at the present time and is not often to be found in modern histories ; M. Merki, however, and certain others give a cautious adherence to it. A third myth, or rather, lie—that the whole crime was pre-eminently the work of the Vatican and French clergy—need not detain us ; for this has been dropped by all except violent partisan authors. The reception of the news at Rome is on a different footing and one that Catholics cannot ignore—we must return to this at the close of our paper and try to place the matter in its true proportions.

It is well to form an idea as to our sources for information on our problem. There are three contemporary, or nearly contemporary, sources of information of varying degrees of value :

1. Memoirs and histories of France.
2. Records of provincial *parlements*, state archives, including orders to governors, etc., and local municipal records.
3. Ambassadors' dispatches to their governments ; non-French memoirs and histories.

The merits of those in the first category will be considered as each in turn gives his or her evidence. Those in category 2, which ought to be of first-rate importance, are disappointing, for the more important registers for the latter part of 1572 are invariably missing, though some not unimportant orders to governors, and others, survive. What survive add to our impression of confusion and are wholly against any theory of premeditation. The curious absence of official papers, especially of the registers of the *parlements*, can no doubt admit of a sinister explanation, and the fact, as M. Jullian says, is indeed disconcerting. Something may not improbably have been done, for the French as a nation soon became very ashamed of the whole thing, as, indeed, were many at the time. How uneasy they felt is seen by the insistence of all the more modern writers on the primary guilt of the Queen Mother and the Italians. Nor is this unjustifiable : but it does not explain the frenzied delight of much of France which

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neither was nor is populated by Italians. The really sad thing is the fact that such a deed was planned and carried out by members of two races—we must not call the Italian a nation, the most civilized and cultured of the world. Those sources in the third class are interesting and also confirm the general bewilderment of mind, but, like all such documents, are coloured by the religious views and political interests of the envoys themselves and of the countries of which they were the representatives.

To begin: The interview of Bayonne, 1565, referred to as the germ of the business, was mainly brought about by the activity and insistence of St. Sulpice, ambassador of France at Madrid, and he records his satisfaction at his success in a letter to the Bishop of Rennes, but it seems a small achievement with which to be much pleased:

Combien que je vous aye escrit depuis que je suis cy par plusieurs fois selon que les affaires qui se présentoient me donnaient occasion de ce faire et je n'ay jamais reçu aucune réponse de vous; mais, ce nonobstant, je vous ay bien voulu faire entendre par celle cy la bonne nouvelle que j'envoye présentement au Roy et à la Reine. Qui est qu'ayant proposé il a quelques jours à leurs Majs: Caths: le desir que lad: Dame avoit de les voir, selon l'expres commandement qu'elle m'en avoit fair: après avoir surmonté non sans grandes altercations plusieurs difficultez que ceux cy faisoient naistre d'heure à autre pour le desir qu'ils avoient que le tout fust conduit à leur honneur et avantage, enfin ils m'ont accordé et resolu que la Reine d'Espagne iroit à Bayonne voir le Roy et la Reine et y arriviroit en même temps que leurs Majs: s'y trouveroient. Au surplus l'on dit ici que l'on dresse une grande armée mais je croy que les effets n'en sortiront tels que le bruit en est grand: laquelle il a esté délibéré employer contre le Turc ou pour mettre en seurété tous ses pays: qui est tout ce que je vous puis escrire pour la présent, sinon, etc. Votre entier amy et serviteur, St. Sulpice.

One would say that the Bishop of Rennes treated St. Sulpice's efforts with but small respect. Here is what Castelnau* says of the whole *affaire*:

* Michel de la Mauvissière, Seigneur de Castelnau, was a man high in rank and high in character. His position rendered him particularly able to describe the real causes and nature of the events of the day. Castelnau fought at Jarnac and Moncontour. He was in England early in 1572: it

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Enfin l'entrevue d'Elisabeth, sœur du Roy et Reine d'Espagne, à Bayonne accompagnée du duc d'Albe et de plusieurs grands seigneurs, les grandes allégresses et magnificences qui s'y firent et les affaires qui s'y traitèrent l'esté subséquent, mirent les Huguenots en merveilleuse jalouse et défiance que la feste se faisoit à leurs despens pour l'opinion qu'ils avoient d'une estroicte ligue des princes Catholiques contre eux. Ce que leur bailla occasion de remuer toutes pierres et mettre tout bois en œuvre pour en bastir une contraire, tant avec la reyne d'Angleterre, les princes huguenots d'Allemagne, qu'ès Pays Bas leurs alliez et confédérez en la R. P. R., disant que tan ainsi que les Espagnoles qui avoient desplaisir de voir la paix en France taschoient d'y remettre la guerre civile pour la seurété de leur estat ; les Huguenots de France avec leurs confédérez devoient la jettre en Flandre et se joindre avec les seigneurs et autres Huguenots du Pays Bas et par tel moyen donner la mesme empeschement au roy d'Espagne de ce costé là qu'il leur vouloit donner en France. Ainsi de ce grand dessein de l'abouchement de tous les rois Caths : il ne réussit que celuy cy qui cousta beau-

was largely due to him that the kingdom was preserved for Henry III before he could get back from Poland. In 1575 he was sent as ambassador to the Court of Elizabeth, where he remained ten years and frustrated over and over again the schemes of the ultra-Protestant party. Elizabeth liked him much in spite of his frequent scores off her, and told him many curious things. She wrote to Henry III that he was "digne de manier la plus grande charge." He was almost ruined subsequently in fighting, first for Henry III and then for Henry IV, in the wars of the League, and died before the end of the troubles at Joinville en Gâtinais, aged 64. His memoirs were all written in England and are of exceptional clearness of form, rare in the Sixteenth Century, in style, however, inferior to Marguerite's. For accuracy they are unsurpassed, and Avila, Adriani, even De Thou or Agrippa d'Aubigné, need never detain us if controverted by de Castelnau's account. He exposed the dangerous doctrines of the new sects, and incidentally, in one subtle paragraph, the claims of Elizabeth's prelates to be real bishops ; at the same time he was well aware of the faults of the more exuberant Catholics whose cause he made his own. De Thou is reliable for what he saw, but he was most painfully impressed in his youth by the massacre and has often been credited with semi-Protestant views ; whereas he was only full of sympathies for the victims and very averse from religious strife. His father, Christophe, *premier président*, was equally overcome by the horror of the massacre, and wrote at the side of his register : "Excidat illa dies aeo, nec postera credant saecula, nos certe taceamus ; et obruta multa nocte tegi propriae patiamur criminis gentis." However, the younger De Thou's connection with the drawing up of the Edict of Nantes and an expression which he used about Dryander, a famous Protestant theologian of Marburg, caused his history to be suspended, in very general terms, by Luis Ystella, O.P., Master of the Sacred Palace, in 1609. Here we have the clue to the Pope's half-jesting remark to the Regent when she proposed De Thou for the office of *premier président*, 1611 : "That man is a heretic."

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coup à la France pour les magnificences qu'on fait à Bayonne et plus encore par les deffiances qu'en concurent les Huguenots. La ligue y fut brassée mais la difficulté fut de scavoir qui commenceroit ; chacun voulant y engager son compagnon et la Reine d'Espagne n'ayant aucun pouvoir de rien resoudre de son chef et la reine Catharine, quoy qu'en apparence gagnée par la maison de Lorraine, délibérant encores jusques à ce qu'elle eut pris ses mesures avec le roy des Romains soit pour accomoder les differends de la Religion ou pour rompre par son moyen les pratiques qu'on pouvoit faire en Allemagne.*

We may fairly gather from all this that some vague scheme was proposed and came to nothing owing to Catharine's aversion to being committed to the Guise faction and to Philip's habitual slowness. We know his suspicious nature and his master passion, which was to have everyone bound to himself whilst remaining wholly free from any corresponding obligations. He let his wife go unwillingly and even so she had no plenary power to settle any matter. Philip wished to learn exactly what there was between his revolted Netherlanders and Charles' Huguenot subjects. He was prepared, on terms, to actively intervene in France against Protestantism as later he was during the League, but in general he preferred a weak and divided France. Moreover, at this period, and for long after, he looked much more to some composition with England. At that time, Elizabeth, the majority of the council and, indeed, most of the country favoured keeping in with Spain. It was only the exigencies of religion and policy which finally brought the countries face to face. The Habsburg Burgundian entente was the historic sentiment of the English and this implied hostility to France.

Now de Castelnau says that the interview gave alarm to the Huguenots and was the cause of the Flemish scheme; this we know was the pet device of the admiral and was

* The historical importance of Bayonne lies not in the fact of what was there settled nor even contemplated, but the effect which it had on the imagination of the Huguenots of the day and on posterity. For Alba's instructions and his relations with Montpensier and Montluc, see *Granvella's Papers*, VII, 276, and *Ambassade de St. Sulpice*, 340-3.

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accepted by Catharine up to a certain point and absolutely favoured by Charles. It was not until July, 1572, that Catharine suddenly determined to nip the forward policy in Flanders once and for all. The destruction of Genlis' force in its attempt to relieve Mons in some way was fatal to that policy.* Very probably the clear failure of the first part of Coligny's programme caused her to think with alarm that Charles was more or less committed to it and to reflect that, after all, it was more in her son's welfare to turn to the Catholic majority than to rely on the strong but unpopular minority represented by the admiral. So many have gone astray in looking for political and national motives in the modern sense: whatever swayed the Queen Mother, nationalism or the country's interest certainly did not. Of this juncture Castelnau says that the Flanders scheme was "le plus pressant motif qui les determina" (Catharine et Anjou) "de changer tout d'un coup la face des affaires. Il y avait longtems que la reine et son fils" (not the King) "avec toute la maison de Guise conjure la perte de l'amiral: toutes fois c'estoit sans avoir convenu du temps

* In Genlis' possession was found a letter dated April 27th from Charles to Louis of Nassau, in which the King said that as soon as he was free from internal hindrances he was resolved to employ his armies for the liberation of the Low Countries. Albernoz might well write to Cayas from Brussels, July 19th: "I have in my possession a letter of the King of France, enough to strike you with astonishment." Charles' engagements to Nassau were much more considerable than his mother knew. She was terrified by the fact that Spain had now proof of her son's complicity with the *Gueux*. A further element of mystery is the accuracy of the Spaniards' march and complete annihilation of Genlis' forces: in this many have seen prior information furnished to Alba. Mendoza, who was with the army, seems to think so. In that case there was a double surprise in store for France, one independent of the other. Assuming some understanding, it must have lain between Alba and the Guise faction. Elizabeth at that time made a show of repudiating the alliance of Blois, for Middlemore declared to Coligny: "Of all things we could least like is for France to command Flanders or bring it into their obedience." Elizabeth much preferred dealing with the sovereign and never really liked Cecil's *brothers in Christ*. Here, too, was an indirect step in the fatal sequence of events which led to the massacre. Philippson and la Ferrière insist that the scheme to assassinate the admiral took shape in the first ten days of August, and that this was intimately connected with Genlis' failure and Catharine's dismay. The massacre, on the other hand, was a sudden inspiration of the 22nd, or more probably 23rd. As la Ferrière observes: "Could anything be more fatal to a scheme of long-planned massacre than to have given the alarm by an attempt prematurely on the life of Coligny?"

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et de l'occasion. Je ne touche que superficiellement ce récit four faire connoistre qui eurent la principale part à cette cruelle et sanglante tragedie."

Two contemporary historians, Avila and Giovanni B. Adriani, endorse completely the idea of long premeditation, and the first at any rate has had a wide influence then and now. Avila actually tells us of what was said and done at Bayonne and quotes Alba's statement that no king can tolerate for his own safety a rival religion in the land and that uniformity must be enforced. The words might have been spoken by Henry VIII, or Elizabeth, and very probably are a not wholly wild guess at Alba's views. Our objection lies in the fact that Avila could not possibly have known. He was born at Padua, 1576, and came to the French court in 1588 and finally left in 1599: for the later history of the League he is valuable and had first-class information, but for our period none. It is said, and truly, that he was a favourite with Catharine, but she died in 1589 and of all people was the least likely to have entrusted such a secret, if secret there were, to a boy of twelve.

Adriani informs us that Alba's views prevailed and it was agreed to pursue the Huguenots of mark with the last rigour, *catching the fat fish and not bothering about the frogs*. This was to have been carried out during the assembly of notables at Moulins shortly after; but the time not being propitious it was deferred for just seven years. A most improbable story. Mézeray, in his history of France, will have none of it: this judicious author made use of the best sources and lived when the massacre was not a wholly remote souvenir. He makes the following reflections which are a warning to historians and are admirable for their insight into the motives of men and the workings of their minds.

Mézeray considers that one object of the interview was to impress on Spain the power and resources of France by a most wasteful prodigality, and does not deny that the question of religion, with many other dynastic and family matters, were discussed. Nor will he admit that

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the peace of St. Germain, 1570, hid deep craft against the Huguenots. It was made:

1. Because, in spite of Jarnac and Moncontour, the Huguenots were still potent.
2. The danger to the ecclesiastics and the ruin of churches, etc. : that is because Catholicism received much more damage than the R.P.R. for there was so much more to harm.
3. The young King, or more accurately Catharine, saw all the resources of his kingdom destroyed, and all power slipping into the hands of rival factions. Albeit at the back of his mind the insult of Meaux and the damage done at Orléans in the last war always smouldered and may have rendered him tractable to the idea of massacre when the time came.

In the same way Mézeray writes : it is said that Catharine hurried on the marriage of her son to Elizabeth of Austria so as to bring the Huguenot chiefs into Paris, a violently Catholic city, and when they refused to attend it was solemnized at Mezières ; but it is more probable that Catharine wished to have him safely married to a spiritual woman, "qui estoit simple et incapable d'artifice selon le naturel de la race allemande." She feared that he might otherwise find some wife who would not be at all suitable as her daughter-in-law. Mézeray again warns people not to screw up events to suit their own theories : "C'est ce que je ne scaurois faire et je ne veux adjuster tous les accidents à mon point et leur donner un biais que possible ils n'avoient pas." He goes on to speak of an inner circle who really had intentions of lulling the Huguenots to a sense of false security by the peace, who were Nevers, Birague, Comte de Retz, at times the Cardinal of Lorraine, and later Catharine and Anjou.

Je n'oserois par mesme vous asseurer que ce complot tel qu'il estoit n'ait pas esté quelques fois rompu depuis qu'il fut fait, mais j'oserais bien dire que s'il n'y avoit point eu d'autres gens

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à le conduire que des François, il eust esté impossible qu'ils eussent souffert deux ans durant dans leur pensée une si cruelle idée de tant d'inhumanitez, de vengeance et de meurtres.

Mézeray then inclines to some vague premeditation after the peace of St. Germain, none at all at Bayonne and thinks that an inner circle existed whose views were wholly unknown to the King, to most of the court, to the *parlement* and the official world at large.

Let us now turn to Juan de Mariana who had a good opportunity for knowing. He makes no reference to Bayonne, but regards the death of the admiral as virtually assured by the Guises since the murder of Duke Francis, but says that the massacre only became necessary, or rather, inevitable, after Maurevert's failure. The famous Jesuit adds the very improbable story that Navarre himself revealed a Huguenot conspiracy, but gives it as mere gossip. His diagnosis as to Coligny's fate is very shrewd and almost certain. The admiral never professed any regret at the Duke's murder, but thought it a fortunate act of Providence in favour of the struggling church; but he denied having paid or incited Poltrot de Méré to do the deed. This is quite frank and in accordance with the ideas of the day, and in respect of those ideas Coligny was on a high rather than on a low level. It is a question of pure testimony and really lies outside our subject and no one can now be sure. Poltrot's confession, of course, implicates most deeply not only the admiral but Soubise, the famous Protestant theologian, Bèze, and others. So much depends on the value of evidence acquired by torture, as indeed in all such cases it then was. Such evidence is not necessarily false, but for us its credibility must be shaken. Our whole nature revolts from such a theory of justice. I do not believe Coligny to have been guilty nor do I blame Madame de Nemours, as she became, for always asserting that he was.

De Thou favours a theory of short premeditation and it is he who gives the oft quoted remark of Coligny that he would prefer to be dragged through the streets of Paris rather than do anything which might rekindle the

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flames of civil war. This, he says, he had from Villeroy.* Now Villeroy was the secretary who was not regarded as suitable to be included in the final council of St. Bartholomew's Eve. De Thou was incapable of inventing and Villeroy was certainly innocent of being in any plot against the admiral, still more against the Huguenots at large. Therefore I think we must accept that story and it points to the fact that the admiral had suspicions about his safety. De Thou also gives the curious story of his ride to Vienne with a Captain Maye, of whom nothing else is known except his unpopularity in the countryside. This man marvelled at the blindness of the admiral in neglecting various warnings and in not perceiving the net which was spread for him by the Navarre marriage in Paris. De Thou rebuked him for having so poor an opinion of the King and council. Maye merely asked him to wait and judge by the event. The prediction was fulfilled and De Thou records the episode as showing that God often gives a quasi-revelation to *hommes de bien* of what will occur in the future, and the evil also have knowledge from their *conscience intimidée*, so that people may be resigned and not wholly taken by surprise.

We know that Jean de Monluc, Bishop of Valence, who left for Poland the day before the marriage, advised Rochechouart who, unlike Coligny, was a favourite with all, to be prudent and to drop all the low-country projects and said that Paris was not healthy for him.† To De Thou's father, who was the *premier président*, the whole thing was an inexplicable and unexpected horror.

If we turn to the memoirs of Marguerite de Valois, who was too young to have been in her mother's confidence, apart from the fact of her engagement to Navarre, and to those of Tavannes, the absence of complicity on the part of Charles IX until the 23rd, when both record the great difficulty which Catharine had in regaining her ascend-

* Nicolas de Neufville.

† Also, when the marked repugnance of the Huguenots to enter Notre Dame was seen, many whispered, *Soon they will be very lucky who are free to attend Mass.* No one disputes that violence towards the Huguenots would always have been popular with the Parisians.

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ancy over her son, is made clear. In both cases, however, these memoirs were not composed before 1600, and Jean de Saulx, Vicomte de Tavannes, was very young at the time when his father took a leading part in the massacre, and he wrote the memoirs which bear his father's name with the object of clearing the marshal from complicity in a disloyal league against the interests of the Crown.

Now there exists one piece which is tacked on to Villeroy's memoirs, which purports to be a discourse of Anjou to a *gentilhomme*, who was with him at Cracow, during a fit of depression from which he suffered at the obvious mistrust which his new subjects showed him. This states the real cause of the massacre to be the annoyance which Catharine and Anjou felt at Charles' manifest disdain for and rudeness to them after Coligny had been with him, and on one particular occasion, "bien peu de temps devant la St. Barthélemy," Charles behaved so wildly and looked so dangerous that Anjou thought he had a lucky escape from death. (The violence of Charles' temper was notorious.) Anjou and Catharine soon agreed that in their own and in Charles' interest the admiral must be got out of the way. Therefore they took into confidence Mme. de Nemours, the natural enemy of Coligny, and together they sounded a Gascon captain of the guard, who evidently was but little inclined for the work, and approached instead Maurevert who was experienced in assassination. Maurevert failed, and what was worse, not only were the Huguenots highly suspicious of themselves but Charles was furious. When they all went to see the wounded admiral, Anjou noticed the tumultuous entry of 200 Huguenot *gentilhommes* who passed and repassed himself and his mother talking loudly and showing no signs of respect. When pressed as to what Coligny had said to him, Charles burst out with the advice given to him, which was the need of his reigning in truth and of being his own master (assuming all this to be true, it is clear that from then Coligny had no chance of living). Anjou and his mother could come to no resolution except "par quelque moyen que ce fut despescher

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l'amiral"; but action was deferred until the next day, for finesse having failed, only the more violent procedure remained and for that Charles' consent was necessary. So the next day after dinner we went to find him with Nevers, Birague, Marshals Tavannes and de Retz. Then Catharine began to harangue the King on the dangers which threatened him from within and without, owing to the power of the Huguenots, besides another matter, which was that the Catholics were weary of incessant civil war and furious at the alternate calamities and futile peaces, all owing to a tiresome minority and were in any case resolved to make an end. To avert all this and so save perhaps thousands of lives, all that was needed was the sole death of Coligny, author of all these evils. To this thesis all assented and Charles fell into one of his fits of rage and yet refused to touch the admiral. Then it was agreed that each should give his opinion as to the most expedient measure. All supported the Queen Mother except de Retz, who pointed out how prejudicial it would be to France's honour and interest; but no one seconding him, Charles suddenly declared himself of Catharine's opinion and becoming far more in favour of desperate measures than the original contrivers, indirectly gave orders for a wholesale massacre. From fear lest the King might repent of his order, matters were hurried on, and at dawn the King, Catharine, Charles and Anjou went to the door of the Louvre near the tennis court to see the beginning. Suddenly a pistol shot was heard and a great fear came on them all on account of what had been arranged (referring, one supposes, to the previous arrangements for massacre which had been made with the *prévôt des marchands*, or more particularly with the *ex prévôt* Marcel): and immediately a *gentilhomme* was sent to Guise ordering him to attempt nothing further against Coligny, which would have saved all the rest as it had been agreed that his death was to mark the beginning of the general massacre. But it was too late, for word was brought that he was already dead. So we returned to our "déliberation originale et peu après nous laissames

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savoir le fil et le cours de l'entreprise et de l'exécution."

Whoever else was or was not in the scheme, it is certain that Anjou, Catharine, Tavannes, Nevers, Birague, de Retz, were the real manipulators of the business ; so this account is decisive, if it may be accepted, and is wholly opposed to any theory of long premeditation. Several historians have doubted the authenticity of this *discours*, but it is not easy to regard it as a complete fabrication, though it may be admitted that it was not written when Henry III was King of Poland ; but it serves no purpose if regarded as a more or less contemporary invention, for interests and passions ran high to favour the two theories of premeditation and conspiracy. This story is absolutely contrary to either myth and it does place the authors in a very unfavourable light. No admirer of the last Valois would have invented it, and the family motive is so frankly explained and is in itself so simple and probable an explanation that we should, I think, regard it, at least, as a piece composed between 1575 and 1588 by someone who knew well the inner workings of the time covered between July and the day of the massacre. I would not exclude the possibility of its being really the substantial sense of what the King said.*

It differs in some respects from Tavannes' story, notably in the account of the attitude of de Retz (in Tavannes' he is the most extreme, in our *discours* he nearly spoiled the whole thing), but complete agreement is never to be found in any description of similar events, rather it would make one suspect collusion. Moreover, as we have already observed, it is not wise to make an act of faith in Jean de Saulx's veracity. Another obvious error is that of calling the Comte de Retz Marshal ; he was not at that time ; but the author of the *discours* in later years would be so accustomed to the title that it would slip almost mechanically off his pen. Some have suggested Matthieu

* Mme. de Nemours and the Guises were most deeply concerned in the admiral's death, but in the general massacre they had no original responsibility. It is recorded by many and hostile witnesses, such as Sir F. Walsingham, that Guise took but little interest or part in the business after he had satisfied himself that his enemy was dead.

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as the author. P. Matthieu is a contemporary and trustworthy authority.

Well, the massacre is over in Paris though some provincial towns had still to suffer, and we must see what sort of explanation or justification, if such were possible, the Court will give, and this brings us to the second myth.

Now we must carefully distinguish between what was sent to the provincial governors immediately after Maurevert's attempt and that which was told them after the massacre. The following are confidential orders from Charles or from Anjou and no doubt as to their authenticity is possible. There are others available but in the same sense, and we will take the two which went to Marshal Matignon in Normandy. The first from Anjou after the failure of Maurevert:

Vous verrez par les lettres du Roy Monseigneur et mon frère (this not extant) ce qui est advenu à mon cousin M. l'amiral dont nous sommes tous fort marris, vous priant faire entendre en l'estendue de vostre charge le desplaisir que l'on en a icy et comme l'on en veut faire la justice, tenant aussi la main que le bruit qui en ira par delà ne soit cause de quelque emotion, trouble ou inconvenient mais que chacun vive doucement sous l'observation de l'Edit de Pacification suivant ce que le Roy vous en escrit, et vous luy ferez service très agréable. 22 Aoust. Paris. Henry.

On the 22nd, then, there was still no scheme definitely arranged as to time and place. Matignon received this at his château near Alençon and did not seem to take it very seriously: however, in the course of a few days the news of the massacre spread and the Catholics flew to arms to follow the example of the capital. Then Matignon, loyally following Charles' original order, went with his guards to Alençon to occupy the town gates and ordered under pain of death that no one should attempt anything against the Huguenots, of whom he took thirty of the principal partly as hostages and partly for their own safety; he then went to St. Lo and did likewise. He demanded of them all a new oath of fidelity to the King, which having taken the hostages were released. The Province (except Rouen, of which more later) escaped the

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slaughter and sentiments of gratitude to Matignon long continued.

Early in September a full letter of explanations and instructions came to Matignon, who was by now, in common with all governors, getting rather bewildered, in which he was ordered to assemble the chief men of the R.P.R. and explain to them the situation as follows :

Sa Maj : ayant descouvert que sous ombre de la blessure de l'amiral, dont elle vouloit et avoit desire donner tout l'ordre qui se peut pour promptement luy en faire justice, iceluy amiral et les sieurs gentilshommes de lad : religion avoient fait une meschante, malheureuse et detestable conspiration contre la personne de sad : Maj : (etc., including Navarre) ainsi qu'aucuns des partisans et adhérans à lad : conspiration reconnoissans leur faute ont confessé (origin of the Cavagnes, Brique-mault process). Que sad : Maj : pour obvier à l'exécution d'un si mechante, pernicieux et damnable dessein, et non pour aucune cause de religion ny pour contrevenir à son Edit de pacification, a esté à son très grand regret contraint de permettre ce qui est ainsi advenu le dimenche 24 jour du présent mois (a slip) en la personne dud : amiral, de ses adhérans et complices. (*Histoire de Matignon.* Cailliére.)

This is substantially the same account as that sent to all the foreign courts ; but some of the governors had later and further instructions, and in one case at least verbal instructions, as we shall see in a most curious document which I believe to be quite trustworthy and is, in fact, too bizarre to have been invented.

The reasons for the escape of Burgundy, Auvergne, Lower Languedoc and the district of Bayonne from the massacre are clear and well known, and were due to the refusal of the governors to act who were not satisfied with their orders and from their own aversion from such a deed. Provence, with which this document deals, we know also escaped, which has always been curious when we regard the very Catholic and very inflammable nature of the Provençals and the character of the governor.

Honoré de Savoie, Count of Sommerive and Tende, had supplanted his father, Claude, in the government of

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Provence by representing the old man as having leanings towards the Huguenots. Brantôme, and most following him, credits the young count with refusing to put into execution the order for the massacre. He certainly must have hesitated, for August passed and nothing was done, but he died mysteriously at Montélimart, September 8th, and the following curious account makes the credit to be due rather to the Count of Carcès :

Avenant le jour de la St. Barthélemy le Sr de la Molle se trouvant à Paris, le feu roy Charles l'envoya en Provence vers M. le Comte de Tende avec une lettre que luy escrivoit Sa Maj : de créance laquel le estoit de faire tuer tous les Huguenots ; mais au bout de la lettre le Roy escrivoit aud : Sieur Comte une apostille luy commandant de n'y croire ny faire pas ce que led. la Molle luy disoit. Cela mit bien en peine led : Sr Comte pour estre l'apostille contrarie à la créance, qui fut cause que pour estre eclaircy bien au vray de l'intention de sa Maj : il envoia à la cour le Sr. de Cautery son secrétaire ; lequel à son retour rapporta aud : Sr. Comte la volonté du Roy, qui estoit de faire la tuerie d'aucuns Huguenots incontinent qu'il seroit arrivé. Et voulant led : Sr. Comte (de Tende) mettre la volonté de Sa Maj : il s'en alla à Salon, là il pria le Sr. Comte de Carcès s'en aller à Aix luy assurant que le lendemain il envoieroit les commissaires pour envoyer par tout le pays pour exécuter l'intention de Sa Maj : mais le lendemain led : Sr. de Carcès reçut d'autres nouvelles car le cap : Beauchamps le vint avertir de la mort dud : M. de Tende et deux heures apres Cautery arriva vers led : Sr. Comte de Carcès avec lasd : commissions qu'il ne voulut mettre en exécution, attendu qu'il n'avoit eu aucun commandement de Sa Maj : qui l'occasiona d'envoyer par devers icelle led : Sr. de la Molle pour recevoir son intention, et ayant led : Sr. Comte attendu plus de 20 jours sans avoir nouvelles de Sa Maj : ny dud : Sr. de la Molle il pria résolution d'envoyer le Sr. de Vaucluse qui fit si grande dilligence qu'il arriva à la cour le mesme jour que led : Sr. de la Molle en partit avec la volonté du Roy, qui estoit tousiours de faire mourir les Huguenots. Led : Sr. de la Molle pressa fort led : Sr. de Vaucluse de ne parler point au Roy puis qu'il n'avoit charge de parler que de la tuerie des Huguenots, d'autant que Sa Maj : luy avoit bien dit son intention et le persuada fort de s'en retourner sans parler à personne ; à quoy led : Sr. de Vaucluse ne vouloit entendre. Le mesme

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jour de la partance dud : Sr. La Molle il parla au Roy à son disner et luy ayant dit toute la charge qu'il avoit du Comte de Carcès Sa Maj : pour lors ne respondit autre chose sinon qu'il avoit mandé aud : Comte de Carcès son intention par led : Sr. de la Molle en quoy il se remettoit. Et un jour après Sa Maj : demanda au Sr. de Vins de le (i.e., Vaucluse) luy amener, et le soir venant, le Roy soupant à la maison du Sr. du Mas, contrôleur des Postes, led : Sr. de Vins y alla avec led : Sr. de Vaucluse ; et ce ne fut qu'avec grande difficulté d'entrer dans la maison, et entrant dans la salle où le Roy soupoit l'huissier fit grande difficulté de laisser entrer led : Sr. de Vaucluse mais led : Sr. de Vins luy remonstra que le Roy luy vouloit parler, et enfin entra et led : Sr. de Vins le fit mettre sous la cheminée ; le Roy soupant à la table et près du feu et de l'autre costé de la salle soupoit environ une vingtaine de femmes bourgeoises de Paris. Le Roy entretint longtemps led : Sr. de Vins auquel il demanda tout bellement à l'oreille s'il ne verroit point ce soir Vaucluse, et lors led : Sr. de Vins luy repondit qu'il etoit là derrière. Et alors Sa Maj : demanda s'il pouvoit fier de luy et quel homme c'estoit, qui luy respondit que sur son honneur il s'y pouvoit fier comme de luymesme. Et lors le Roy fit appeler led : Sr. de Vaucluse et luy dit qu'il estoit bien aise du rapport qu'on luy avoit fait de luy et luy commanda et aud : Sr. de Vins de se trouver tous deux demain de grand matin dans sa chambre, ce qu'ils firent. Et étant dans lad : chambre Sa Maj : s'addressant aud : de Vaucluse luy dit tels mots : dites au Comte de Carcès qu'à peine de sa vie et à vous aussy de n'éventer et tenir secret ce qu'il vouloit dire, c'estoit que led : Comte de Carcès ne mit point en exécution ny ne fit point la tuerie des Huguenots suivant ce qu'il luy avoit mandé par la Molle ; d'autant qu'il avoit resolu de faire une entreprinse de grande importance et que si on faisoit la tuerie en Provence cela pourroit detourner la sienne, et tout soudain Sa Maj : prit derrière son chevet de lit six cousteaux de la longueur du bras fort transchans, car ils estoient six, pour exécuter lad : entreprise aux Tuilleries, scavoir : Sa Maj : secondée de M. la Fontaine, son escuyer, Monsieur, son frère, secondé de led : Sr. de Vins et M. de Guise secondé par le Sr. de Vaux. Ayant descouvert cecy aud : Sr. de Vaucluse luy commanda à peine de la vie de n'en sonner mot ny le Comte de Carcès aussy : luy commandant en outre de faire si grande dilligence qu'il puisse attraper led : la Molle ou bien qu'il fusse en Provence avant que la tuerie se fissee. Ce que led : Sr. de Vaucluse fit et estant arrive à Aix et ayant bien

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particulièrement dit la volonté du Roy aud : Sr. Comte, iceluy auroit congédié tous ceux qu'il avoit envoyé quérir en attendant la volonté de Sa Maj :*

This most remarkable document, though only applicable directly to Provence, may certainly be taken as illustrative of the confusion existing in everyone's minds and as a type of the extraordinarily contradictory orders which issued from Paris. Its genuineness, I think, appears from the internal evidence, leaving aside the style which is wholly contemporary : the details about the difficulty of getting into the house, the arrangement of the tables, the position of Vaucluse and the inherent improbability of the story. Great names too figure, Carcès, and de Vins, both of whom, especially the first, were of outstanding significance in the subsequent days of the League, and with which it would have been very unsafe to have made play. Everything points to Vaucluse as the author. What is the chief impression which the whole leaves on the reader ? Surely the condition of Charles IX. After the massacre he appears to have been wholly demented and incapable of coherent conduct. It entirely confirms the idea that he only agreed to the slaughter when in a state of frenzy, a condition to which he was liable and to which he was easily goaded. In that state he was very open to the suggestions of his mother and others.

This piece is wholly incompatible with any theory of premeditation or with that of conspiracy either. Even when the King desired the *tuerie* of the Huguenots he gave no names nor even suggested that any were particularly guilty, nor, indeed, was the conspiracy so much as mentioned at all. All that had been dropped since the early accounts which were sent to the governors like Matignon, or to the foreign courts like that furnished by la Mothe Fénelon to the English.

As to the episode of the six knives and the great work which was to be done at the Tuileries, we know of nothing to which it could even remotely refer. It is, I think, a further sign of mere frenzy on the part of the unhappy

* Original in the Peiresc collection at Carpentras.

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monarch and probably only referred to some form of bloodthirsty sport, to which he was addicted in certain moods, which he had suddenly thought of and which in his shaken brain took the form of a *grande entreprise*. We should like to know more of the Sr. de la Molle ; he, for whatever reason, was on the more bloodthirsty side and seems to have been quite capable of misrepresenting the King's orders.

Let us now turn to Sir Francis Walsingham. He was our ambassador in Paris during the tragedy and had an excellent chance of knowing and observing. He was deeply committed to the *entente* on the one hand, partly from his strong anti-Spanish policy and partly from being deeply engaged to the Alençon marriage plan, it was necessary for his own safety to get Elizabeth married and with an heir, for in the case of her sudden death the Queen of Scots stood next ; on the other hand, he was a genuine Protestant whose sympathies were wholly with the Huguenots in religion and with Coligny's Flemish policy. Walsingham, writing to Smith, from Paris, August 27th, 1572, asked Smith to let Elizabeth know that he had sent his secretary to the Queen Mother to thank her for his safety and that of other English subjects during the late troubles, and further to tell Catharine that as all sorts of rumours were abroad he would be grateful to her if she would enlighten him for the information of Elizabeth. Catharine replied that special orders had been given for the safety of the English, as both she and her son desired above all not to impair the alliance with England ; as to the second point, Pinart had been told to give him a memorandum on the subject to supplement La Mothe Fénelon's.* The Duke of Nevers was

* The Council to Walsingham : Fénelon held that Charles remained in a favourable mind to the admiral until late on Saturday, when news was brought to him that the adherents of the admiral resolved to be avenged. Then terror seized him and he gave way easily to the suggestions of the enemies of the Huguenots. M. Mariéjol, in Lavise's *Histoire de France*, wrote that on Saturday, when Charles was wholly bewildered, suddenly de Retz, with the supreme capability of a crafty man, revealed to the King that it was not only Guise who instigated Maurevert's attempt, but quite as much or more responsibility lay with his own mother. This utterly staggered the King. The whole agrees very well with Fénelon's

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particularly attached to our people. He came to see me in person and has given all signs and marks of friendship not only to myself but to many other English who without him would have been in danger of their lives.

Later he had an interview with Charles and the Queen Mother. They explained the danger of the conspiracy and the need for hurried action, but it was not concerned with religion and they intended the Edicts to remain in force. Walsingham replied that the Queen would be very glad to hear the result of the proposed process (against Coligny and others) and if they were found guilty she would rejoice at their fate, because she preferred Charles' safety to that of all his subjects of whatever religion.

Burleigh to Walsingham from Woodstock, September 25th :

The idea of a conspiracy is not compatible with the subsequent massacres ; moreover the idea of a plot suddenly formed by the admiral when he was lying wounded, so vast and dangerous as to preclude any possibility of their arrest and trial so that nothing short of massacre was any safeguard, was against all one's instincts of probability : Walsingham replied that the idea of a conspiracy in which those capable of being dangerous were in a tiny minority, and in a city so fervently Papist as Paris, is hard to credit.

At Reading, Elizabeth and Smith had another interview with Fénelon ; and, on September 26th, Smith wrote to the ambassador : " Supposing the admiral to be guilty, what could the Rouennais have had to do with that conspiracy some weeks later when the massacre took place there ? "

The first impressions of Walsingham, the Queen, and the Council, were those of bewilderment, but none saw any trace of premeditation, and Leicester wrote that such an act could not be believed of Charles, as it was not at all the kind of thing which you would expect : there must be some reason and explanation. (*Woodstock, September*

account as to what happened outwardly : the inner mechanism was concealed from him.

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12th.)* Still he was uneasy and particularly desired the return of his nephew, Sidney. Walsingham also desired to be recalled and it was generally felt that Paris was not a very safe abode. Certainly all these people had felt sure of Charles' good faith even as late as the day itself: they did not, of course, know anything about the arrangement by some of the Court of Maurevert's attempt. Doubtless, as the local massacres occurred, later on their opinion of Charles and the Court grew less favourable, and when no proofs of any plot were forthcoming the theory of conspiracy was discredited. Neither side wished for any ill-feeling and all curious inquiry on the English side was dropped, for the Queen and Council were resolved at any cost to maintain the French alliance. Amongst the folk it was otherwise; the resentment was widespread and re-acted most unfavourably on Catholic interests here: nor can we be much surprised. It is a good example of a common fallacy; because certain people who performed an outrageous act were Catholics, therefore their religion must be the cause. The idea of a wide net of destruction for all the reformed which had been spread by the Pope, Philip II, Charles IX, and the Queen of Scots alarmed both England and Scotland. This was not wholly unwelcome to the Queen and Council for their religious policy, but embarrassing for their secular: in any case there is no reason to suppose that the authorities attached any importance to it, Elizabeth and her Council knew too well their European politics.

The Spanish ambassador, Cuniga, was of the opinion that, with the exception of 'Coligny, there was no pre-meditation and no conspiracy of the Huguenots; in this his Venetian colleague agreed. The Emperor was incredulous and, in common with most of the Princes of the Empire, displeased. Of Philip II, a well-known story recalls the fact that on the receipt of the news of the massacre he laughed, which was with him a very rare occurrence.

*All the above are taken from the Calendar of Papers at Hatfield (*Hist. MSS. Commission*).

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We now come to the manner of its reception at the Vatican. The news was brought to Gregory XIII by the Cardinal of Lorraine as a matter for great joy, no less than the happy escape of the King and Court from a most dangerous conspiracy, together with the conversion of Navarre and Condé. This is what Alfonso Ciaconi, O.P., in his almost official *Vitae Pontificum et Cardinalium* says about it:

Caeso Ugonottorum duce et iis victis a san Marco ad Sanctum Ludovicum Deo gratias acturus processit, nummos in pauperes effudit Jubilaeum indixit, Deum exorandum putans ut Galliae regem et regnum tueretur. Navarrem regem et Condensem principem rejectis erroribus ad Pontificium sinum confugientes perhumaniter excepti eorum literas non sine lachrimis in Consistorio lectas audivit.

In addition a medal was issued from the Papal mint to commemorate the event, *Ugonottorum strages*, and to Vasari was given the commission of painting the frescoes on the subject which are in the Sala Regia. All this is beyond question, but it is equally beyond doubt that before long the Pope was vexed at the whole thing and said he had been deceived. His original satisfaction at the escape of the Most Christian King was natural, both as Pope and as a temporal sovereign; furthermore, he had certain knowledge of the destruction wrought in France by the Huguenots in the civil wars and of the reality of the menace to religion in that country and in Europe generally. A conspiracy and a military execution in Paris would seem natural enough and little more than a fresh phase of the perennial internecine strife. Many are inclined to forget the violence of the times and the fact that the Pope was a powerful temporal sovereign: it may well be that such extensive domains brought the Sovereign Pontiffs overmuch into contact with the world politics of the Renaissance which were of a non-moral nature: to-day the tendency is the other way and people, I suppose even some Catholics, look upon the Pope as the purely Spiritual Head of the Church and forget that he is also a sovereign.

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However that may be, the conditions in 1572 were very different from those of some generations later on, when a whole body of people had been born in heresy and were in themselves harmless ; thus the Pope of the day, Innocent XI, disapproved of the Revocation of the Edict, 1685.

The Nuncio in Paris, Salviati, denied that there was any Huguenot conspiracy : "That will remain false in all points and it will be a reproach for anyone who has any pretence to knowledge in the affairs of the world to give it credence." Salviati went on : "I wish to make known the desire which His Holiness has for the glory of God and welfare of France that the heretics be removed from the Kingdom and for this purpose it would be very suitable to revoke the Edict of Pacification." This Pope and his predecessor had some general theory in favour of the expulsion of the Huguenots.

Let us now turn to a more difficult piece, which is Cardinal Orsini's discourse to Charles at an audience on December 22nd, 1572 :

It is marvellous to consider the virtue of His Majesty, in no way behind that of his ancestors, and how he has added to the glory of his house by freeing with such great justice and piety in one single day his Kingdom from so diabolic a pest. We exhort His Majesty, considering the service of God and his own, not to allow this cursed sect to get a new foothold, and we desire him to apply all his mind and all his strength to root it entirely out ; especially calling to mind that which he wrote to His Holiness by Mgr. the Nuncio, that within a few days there will not be a single Huguenot in all his Kingdom.—*Ital. MSS., Bibl. Nat.*

This sounds very much like some previous understanding between the Vatican and the Valois Court until we remember that no reference is made to any communication from Charles *before* the massacre, but as to what he said that he intended to do *after*. It is, moreover, a memorandum for Orsini, not a letter, and has no clear sign of its origin. The utmost duplicity was common in all official circles at that time, for instance, what can be greater than that of the Valois Court or of Elizabeth and her council ? And we may be sure that Roman and Floren-

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tine circles were at least as unscrupulous. It is quite possible that the memorandum was the work of the Cardinal of Lorraine, of whom it was said that to arrive at the facts people had to take the opposite to his statements. We cannot even be certain that the whole thing was not an imagination of Orsini and there is no proof whatever that Gregory XIII had any hand in it.

It was the universal habit of the day to exult in the overthrow of enemies temporal and spiritual without much regard as to the means: the modern slang phrase, *Playing the game*, is utterly meaningless in the Sixteenth Century and is even now a wholly English conception. It would have been admitted in Rome that heretics and rebels had no claim to consideration. We cannot without violating the facts of history make the attitude of the Vatican *after* the event satisfactory to modern ideas, but this is wholly different from asserting that instigation *before* the event came from the Pope or any churchman, except the Cardinal of Lorraine. We must keep the historical setting, and much of what now passes popularly as the summit of right feeling would be regarded as hypocrisy or sheer nonsense by the great characters of the Sixteenth Century.

As far back as January, 1570, St. Pius V wrote to Charles to urge him not to make the pacification afterwards promulgated at St. Germain, and to the very end the Cardinal of Alessandria, Bonelli, was discontented with the French policy, of which the story of his refusal with insult of Charles IX's ring is a symptom though not a fact. No Italian diplomatist would have been so tactless, nor would it have been at all safe so to treat a monarch of Charles' violent temper. If all had been long arranged, according to the premeditation theory, surely the Vatican would have had clear information and would have made no difficulty about the dispensation; always assuming that the Pope would have been charmed to grant it if he felt sure of a massacre on the occasion of the marriage. Those who maintain the complicity of the Vatican cannot have it both ways: either the Pope was in the plot and

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yet refused the dispensation which makes him a fool—and not the most hostile authors think that—or he knew nothing at all and refused the dispensation for the usual reasons. Let the unprejudiced reader choose.

The subsequent boasts of the Cardinals of Alessandria and Lorraine, of Corbinelli and Sorbin as to their having foreseen the whole thing and of having been in the Queen Mother's confidence, are manifestly false and not worth considering, so strong is all the evidence against it: if they knew all, then they were stupid in an exceptional degree to make no use of it when such knowledge would have been valuable, and whatever else these men were they were not stupid. We must nevertheless admit that the possibility of the removal of Coligny and the chief Huguenots had long been present almost subconsciously in the minds of many, in Philip's, Alba's and in Montluc's, for reasons about which the latter is very frank. *The Queen Mother neither can nor will act*; so he looked to Philip for definite aid in the field in Guyenne to put an end once for all to the Huguenot menace; this we know was always his policy, but to massacre as such he was not inclined. Even St. Pius V, when he wrote his congratulations to Catharine after the victory at Jarnac,* March,

“ Si votre Majesté continue comme elle a fait constamment dans la rectitude de son âme et dans la simplicité de son coeur à ne chercher, que l'honneur de Dieu tout puissant et à combattre ouvertement les ennemis de la Religion Catholique jusqu'à ce qu'ils soient tous massacrés qu'elle soit assurée que le secours divin ne lui manquera jamais et que Dieu lui préparera ainsi qu'au roi de plus grandes victoires : ce n'estoit que par l'extermination entière des hérétiques que le roi pourra rendre à ce noble royaume l'ancien culte de la Religion Catholique.”—Abridged French version by Potter, *Lettres de St. Pie V sur les affaires religieuses de son temps en France*, Paris, 1826. The full letter in Latin is given in *Epistolae SS. Pii V*, Ed. Goubau III, 154, Antwerp, 1640. The editor was secretary to Marquis de Castel-Rodriguez, Ambassador of Philip IV to the Holy See. “Quod si majestas tua recto animi sui sensu simplici corde Catholicae Religionis hostes aperte ac libere ad internecionem usque oppugnaverit, pro certo habeat nunquam sibi divinum desuturum esse auxilium, maioresque etiam sibi, regique nato suo, a Deo victorias paratas fore: donec, deletis omnibus, exinde nobilissimo isti regno pristinus Cath: Relig: cultus, ad sui nominis gloriam, tuamque perpetua laudem, restituatur.” This has a different *nuance* from Potter's version.

NOTE.

Three letters of St. Pius V—(1) to Charles, (2) to Catharine, (3) to Cardinal of Lorraine—deprecating an early peace. Jan.-Feb., 1570, pp. 268-9, Goubau: “(1) Nam si ullam inter ipsam atque adversarios suos

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1569, thought the time favourable for making an end and seemed to favour a war of extermination against the heretics. All this, however, is very far from the theory that any Sovereign or the Pope encouraged and was for years cognizant of a scheme for indiscriminate massacre of the Huguenots in a time of peace.

To sum up all the evidence we have been considering. The massacre appears rather as a piece of egregious folly than as a deep laid Machiavellian plot, and we believe it to have been primarily the effect of sudden panic in Catharine's mind. Coligny was certainly in danger from the Guise faction, and since the failure of Genlis, Catharine at least, and probably her favourite son, were more or less determined to make away with the admiral in a wholly undecided manner and at some vague time. Catharine's inmost thoughts are, indeed, hard to unravel, but I think we are warranted by the evidence in considering that she

componi posse pacem videremus, quae vel Religionis Catholicae causam sublevatura, vel istius regni diuturno bello vexati tranquillitati ullo modo esset consultura: non usque adeo aut personam nobis ab Omnipotenti Deo impositam oblivisceremur, aut officii nostri immemores essemus, ut non ad eam quamprimum confidenciam omnem nostram operam auctoritatemque interponeremus. Sed quia nullam luci cum tenebris communionem nullamque Catholicis cum haereticis nisi fictam insidiisque plenam compositionem esse posse et nos ipsi intelligimus et Majestas tua multoties experta est.

"(2) Compertum nobis est nullam esse Satanae cum filiis lucis communionem: ita inter Catholicos quidem et haereticos nullam compositionem, nisi fictam fallaciisque plenissimam, fieri posse pro certo habeamus.

"(3) Nos enim ab omnibus aut rerum nostrarum, aut cuiusquam alterius privatis rationibus liberi, solamque religionis Catholicae causam, cum regis Christ: salute atque utilitate istius regni conjunctam, p[ro]ae oculis habentes; re explorata judicamus, nullam Catholicis cum haereticis pacem nisi fictam aut simulatam esse posse: sed sub nomine specioso pacis insidiosissimum proditionis fraudisque maleficium latere."

As the reader will at once perceive, so far from these letters of the Pope being an invitation to Charles and the rest to make a peace with the Huguenots for the express purpose of entrapping them to their ruin, as we have seen stated or implied by others beside Potter, the Latin simply means that any peace made on such terms would be unreal and unlasting . . . in fact, more insidious treason would lurk under the specious name of peace.

Later on, September, 1570, to the Cardinal, when the Peace of St. Germain had been made, Pius wrote not to urge its violation but its danger to the kingdom: "Regi autem Christ: majora nunc ab hostium fraude atque insidiis, manente tali pace, imminere, pericula arbitramur, quam ea fuerunt, in quibus, durante bello, versari visus est." St. Pius' opinion, rightly or wrongly, was merely that a premature and unreal peace would do no lasting good.

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had two schemes in one: she hoped that the murder of the admiral would really produce a Huguenot rising against the Guises—this is quite another thing to the subsequent plot story of the Court—and then the Châtil-lons and Guises would come to open blows. They might kill each other off, that would be all to the good and save trouble; if they did not, the fighting almost in the precincts of the Louvre would be outrageous and she could trust to Charles' resentment to confound both factions in a common doom for *lèse majesté*. Her sole comprehensible object in life was her children's interest, as she understood it, and a Guise domination was then, as before and after, equally hateful with a Châtilon. She at least spoke truly when she assured Sir Francis that it had nothing to do with religion. Catharine was no religious enthusiast nor a sort of sinister heroine of pseudo history books: she was a cold, passionless woman, wholly devoid of moral scruples like her native Florentines whose company she preferred. In organizing this great crime she was following the dictates of a very strong, if somewhat twisted, maternal devotion, and it is strange that she should have attained a forlorn celebrity in history owing to the one quality which went far to redeem her character. Neither cruel nor vicious, she was very nervous and liable to sudden panic.

Having arranged Maurevert's attempt, she had looked no further: Catharine always lived on improvisations, and by Maurevert's failure she was entangled in her own net. Confronted by an enraged body of Huguenot *gentil-hommes*, who might very likely withdraw from Paris, in which case another civil war was certain, in her own way Catharine desired peace and in a sort of way pursued it, uncertain of her son, whose queer temper she knew—he was not in her confidence and might insist on protection for the admiral to whom he was still attached—on the spur of the moment she grasped at the idea of a general massacre which might solve all her perplexities. Catharine knew that she could count on the Parisians, for they had long been straining on the leash; only let the restraining

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hand of the King be removed and they would rush eagerly to the slaughter, nay, more, the lonely and hated Italian might even get a certain popularity which her son's subjects had hitherto refused her.

Catharine must no doubt bear the chief responsibility for the massacre, and with her in varying degrees Anjou, Birague, Retz, Tavannes, and Nevers; Charles, the nominal author, was certainly the least guilty. Let us finish by quoting the Vicomte de Tavannes: "Ce projet né de l'occasion ne se fust pas exécuter sans estre descouvert s'il eust été prémedité."

MAURICE WILKINSON.

THE APOCALYPSE AS A POEM

NUMEROUS as treatises and essays on the Apocalypse have been, there seems to be room for one more. The early commentators, once the doubts as to the book's authenticity had been cleared away, dwelt with reverence on the mysterious contents, confessedly beyond their comprehension, and explicable only by analogical and mystical processes. There have, of course, always been prolonged discussions on Antichrist, on the Millennium, on the number of the Beast, questions of quite minor importance compared to the great purpose of the book. What were the forecasts of the prophets of old with reference to Egypt or Assyria, compared with the great picture of the Messianic Hope which they handed down enriched with their own visions from generation to generation? That, after all, is the chief function of a prophet, not merely to encourage men by foretelling the fulfilment of their hope, but to lift their minds to see and feel the value of that hope, lest perchance they sell their inheritance for a mess of pottage. St. John does for the Dispensation of Faith what David and Isaias had done for the Dispensation of Hope: he puts into our hands a golden rod to measure the values of our Creed. Life can never seem trivial to one who reads the Apocalypse, for in it is revealed the intensity of the spiritual forces at play just beneath the surface. It is as if an electrician made a short circuit to show us the danger of a live wire.

With the Protestant Revolution there came a phase which need not detain us for more than one sentence, when men strove to transfer the attributes of the adulterous Babylon to the spiritual Jerusalem, and to banish that ideal Jerusalem back to the Heaven whence she came. As Chaucer put it:

Of all such cursed stories I say Fy.

Of recent years, the line usually followed has been that

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of criticism. A vast amount of erudition has been, perhaps unnecessarily, expended in revivifying the literary environment of the Apocalypse, and a mythical Elder John has been conjured up to compete for the authorship with the Apostle. These things need not keep us long from our subject. Granted that apocalyptic writing was fashionable amongst the Jews both before and after the time of Christ, there is no need to suppose that the fashion influenced St. John. Surely he, and his mission, and his vocation were above fashion. He, the Prophet of the New Testament, had his mind steeped in the imagery and language of Isaias, Ezechiel and especially Daniel, and deliberately showed the continuity of the two Testaments by reproducing their mode. The supposition that he borrowed from post-Christian, and therefore anti-Christian, Judæan apocalypses seems absurd. Even suppose he was inclined to borrow, writing as he did in prison at Patmos, he was not likely to have had any books at all at his disposal, and probably it was only by converting some of his guards that he was able even to write what he did. As for the "Elder John," the illusion about this supposed person's separate existence depends mainly on a somewhat disingenuous use of the word "Elder" for modern ears. In the sentence from Papias which is the root of the whole trouble, the word "Elder" is synonymous with "Apostle," and that sentence, fairly translated, simply says, "I want to know what the Apostles Andrew, Peter, Thomas, James, John or Matthew said, and what Aristion and the Apostle John are now saying." As Papias wrote while St. John was still alive, his meaning ought to be obvious. I may be told that there was a tomb shown in Ephesus as that of the Elder John different from that of the Apostle. May be: it would not be the first tomb shown for a person who never existed. And there is no tomb certainly that of the Apostle.

To show that a fresh line must be followed to bring out the true import of the Apocalypse, I take three typical commentaries of the present day. The first is by the

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Anglican Dr. Swete. In accurate scholarship, in courtesy, in self-restrained reasonableness, in due reverence, it is of the very best type of Anglican theological thought. It exhales the aroma of Oxford refinement, it is all for compromise and comprehensiveness, and it shudders at the touch of enthusiasm. It delights in pointing out as a valuable bit of knowledge, with reference to the stormy text about the nauseating effect of the lukewarm, that there are hot springs near Laodicea. As if this harmless home-remedy were not familiar to every household in all times and places! Surely this is paying tithes of mint, anise and cummin, and neglecting the weightier matters of the law. And is it possible to deal with the dogmatic intensity and inexorable severity of the Apocalypse in a spirit of compromise and comprehensiveness?

Another commentary is by Colonel Ratton, a Catholic. He has a great purpose in view. He wants to prove that St. John was really a prophet, in the sense of accurately foretelling the future. Therefore he insists that the book was written before the fall of Jerusalem and described that awful event down to minute detail. He fixes the exact date of the battle of Armageddon, and manages to bring Pius IX and Queen Victoria into the scheme. To what end? After the clear teaching of Our Lord about the fall of Jerusalem and the end of the world, what special prophetic credit would there be in one of His disciples echoing His words? And is there anything to marvel at in an Apostle being endowed with the minor gifts of prophecy or miracle? We look for something more from the Apostle who was chosen to live until as from a mountain-top he could see the nearness of the Promised Land.

My third type is the article on the Apocalypses in the *Catholic Encyclopædia* by Dr. C. Van den Biesen. There is here some perception that St. John was an artist, but not, the author implies, a great one. Clogged and hampered by critical minutiae, he has not been able to see the forest for the trees. It is not for a modern theological professor to patronize the sublimest mystical

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intellect the world has ever known. "The drama of the lamb," he says, "contains several beautiful thoughts of lasting value." Indeed! The Beloved Disciple, after years of Divine training, after the Pentecostal illumination, after prolonged domestic intimacy with the Blessed Virgin, after sixty years of meditation on all these things, is actually able to please Dr. Van den Biesen by a few "thoughts of lasting value"! One does not know whether to laugh or to blaze out in indignation. Again he says, "The second part" [which he takes to be "inferior"] ". . . is full of extravagant imagery. . . . The Seer shows a fanciful taste for all that is weird and grotesque. . . . There are occasional passages revealing a sense of literary beauty." Yes: Milton too now and then makes us suspect that he knew something about rhythm. And was there nothing weird in Dante, nothing grotesque in Shakespeare? Avast with such criticism! But Dr. Van den Biesen's greatest failure is that he has not seen the unity of the work. He divides it into three quite distinct treatises: (1) The Seven Churches, (2) The Vision of the Lamb, (3) The Divine Drama. But St. John himself expressly claims that the book is one, and he has, indeed, given it an artistic unity, the perception of which has been missed only by those who have not recognized his aim. Incidentally, I may say that the third portion, the drama, whether it be supposed to begin with XI. 19, or with XII. 1, starts with the word "And." Even taking St. John at the low unworthy level to which Dr. Van den Biesen tries to degrade him, he would surely mean by "And" to connect and not to separate. And that little connection is one of the most vital things in the whole poem.

I shall make only one or two more remarks before constructively developing my thesis. Taking a work of art piecemeal is always fatal to the appreciation of it. Father Cornely, whose lectures I attended some forty years ago in Rome, actually suggests that the sevenfold message of the Spirit to the churches was literally a set of seven isolated letters to be sent separately to the churches whose

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names they bore. Could anybody with the smallest sense of humour imagine such a thing? The lyric parallelism of the varied descriptions of the Son of Man, the praise, the warning, the promise and the musical refrain, binds these messages together into a single voice and makes them inseparable. But who can rightly enter into the Temple of the Apocalypse if he so stumbles on the threshold?

Scholars have, perhaps, been deterred from recognizing the artistic skill of the work by the fact that St. John's Greek was not of the best. It is true; he was almost as disdainful of grammar as Shakespeare was. But while he was writing in Greek, he was thinking in his mother-tongue. His form is not Classic but Oriental: he depends on parallelism, not on metre; on profusion, not on proportion; and the strength of his poem lies in the vividness of his conceptions, not in the delicacy of his language. Dante surpasses him in the latter, but not in the former. Yet even in his language there sometimes flashes forth a phrase which leaves Dante halting far behind.

In speaking of genius, imagination and art, I must not be understood to be minimizing inspiration. The John of Patmos was a very different being from the John of Galilee, but it is not possible to distinguish the elements in his full development. He was naturally tender-hearted, idealistic, and energetically stern. His instinctive refinement led him to acquaintance with the high priest, a strange thing for the fisherman of the north. He early betook himself to St. John the Baptist, and then followed the first gleam of "Behold the Lamb of God." Like St. Paul he was faithful to his first revelation. The man who heard the voice from heaven say, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou *Me*," became thenceforward the servant of the doctrine of the Mystical Body, and it is the dominant theme in all his Epistles. St. John heard the words of the Baptist, and sealed all his teaching with the Poem of the Lamb of God. But there was also rougher fibre in him, and in his union of tenderness with sternness he

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reminds us once more of Dante. He was the beloved disciple who rested his head on the Heart of Jesus, but our Lord also called him a "son of thunder," and it was he who wanted to call down fire on the enemies of Christ. When we come to the finished product of the work of grace on this natural character, there is no need to distinguish between the human and the divine. As with the prophecies of David and Isaias, we can revere the inspiration while we freely discuss the art.

It is a characteristic of poets that they take something common or familiar and make it new or even sublime to us by universalizing or glorifying it. Tennyson loses a friend and in the *In Memoriam* he consecrates the whole world's sense of bereavement. Francis Thompson meets little Daisy on the Sussex Downs and parts with her after a five minutes' friendship ; and this leads him to feel

The pang of all the partings gone,
And partings yet to be ;

and he suddenly universalizes the trivial experience into the world-wide reflection :

Nothing begins, and nothing ends,
That is not paid with moan ;
For we are born in other's pain
And perish in our own.

Dante visits Rome for the Jubilee of 1300, goes on what we should now call a ten days' retreat, entering on Good Friday, passing through the Purgative, Active and Unitive ways, makes his communion on Low Sunday, and the result is the *Inferno*, the *Purgatorio* and the *Paradiso*. So St. John takes something very familiar and commonplace, and it becomes the spring-board for his great leap into Infinity. Exaggeration, it may be said. But a picture cannot be projected on to the plane of universal humanity, or on to the firmament, without enlargement, and enlargement is not necessarily exaggeration, not unless it includes distortion. And if the subject contains elements of infinite worth, the utmost power of human enlargement cannot even approximate to the real truth.

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In his loneliness on the island of Patmos, St. John was once "in the Spirit on the Lord's Day": possibly not an ordinary Sunday, but *the* Lord's Day from which all other Sundays are called, the Paschal Sunday. Looking across the little strip of sea that separated him from Ephesus, he, like his Master, longed to keep the Pasch with his disciples. He was consoled by the vision that came, while all the time his memory clung to the familiar celebration where he had so often presided.

The "scene," then, of the Apocalypse was the place where a small Christian congregation was gathered together for worship. It was in the house of a well-to-do convert built according to the normal plan of Roman mansions. The "basilica," with its semi-circular apse, was always the most dignified place in the house and was often richly paved with polished marble. An altar with its four-pillared canopy and curtains—probably movable in case of domiciliary visits from the police—was, in Christian houses which lent themselves as churches, placed between the Basilica and the Peristylium. The bishop sat in the centre of the apse with his clergy in a semi-circle around him; the singers and other ministers were on either side of the altar, and the bulk of the congregation stood in the Peristylium. This arrangement was the germ of the Christian Basilica as we see it now; and St. Paul's, outside the walls of Rome, with its forest of gleaming granite pillars, its marble-decorated walls, its crystalline floors, especially in the apse where every stone in the pavement is precious, its grand old mosaics, the alabaster columns of the altar-canopy, is but an attempt of the sister art of Architecture to say to the eye what the imagery of the Apocalypse says to the ear. This is only one of the influences exerted by this Prophecy-Poem on the art of all subsequent generations. Artists seem in this case to have been keener in comprehension than theologians.

In this familiar setting, where the earthly worship of the Paschal Sacrifice and Banquet is presented, St. John looks into the spiritual realities and makes them glorify their surroundings. Earth becomes Heaven. The simple

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chair of the bishop is transformed into a throne, and upon the throne sat the One whom the bishop represents. "And he that sat upon the throne was to the sight like the jasper and the sardine stone, and there was a rainbow round about the throne in sight like unto an emerald." It was the symbol of the Triune God.

A happy accident enabled the present writer to visualize this symbol and appreciate its beauty. He had to undergo an operation for cataract, the preliminary to which was the slitting of the iris to facilitate the removal of the lens. When the bandages were taken off, a strange effect ensued. A strong light shining through the slit in the iris and the exposed edge of the lens was marvellously refracted. The mantle of the light looked like a shadowy throne, and the light itself was divided into a brilliant rose-pink above and flashing blue below, sending blue rays downwards—a translucent ruby and sapphire—and around both was a rainbow *predominantly green*. I never knew till then, though I had often wondered, how St. John could say that a rainbow looked like an emerald. It was abundantly worth while to have suffered the pain of the operation to be blessed with such a light-experience. I had *seen* the symbol which St. John's imagination had created. Indeed, that was the germ-thought of this whole interpretation of the Apocalypse.

Accessory to the throne, seven lamps represented the sevenfold effluence of the Spirit of God, and four living creatures, the fourfold revelation of the Word. Suddenly, in the midst of the throne, as if by right, stood the Lamb as it were slain, with seven eyes which are the seven Spirits of God. Again the sevenfold effluence. It is a marvellous artistic symbol of the doctrine of the Trinity—the Father, and the Word Incarnate, and the Spirit proceeding from both the Father and the Son.

To go on with the scene, the clergy around the bishop become the twenty-four ancients clothed in white, with crowns of gold. The marble pavement becomes a sea of glass like to crystal. The singers and side-ministers become the 144,000 from the twelve tribes of Israel

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(Christian Levites being chosen without restriction); they sing the new song which no one else can sing, and in the evolutions of the ceremonial follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth; and the unseen congregation beyond the altar becomes the great multitude which no man can number of all nations of the world, whose voice was as the sound of many waters.

Here I am stopped by controversialists. I do not know why I should stop. I am not writing controversy. I am trying to set down what I see St. John is saying. But they persist that I am going to make capital out of my explanations. Well, let us hear them. They say St. John was in an Old Testament mood: he was re-echoing Isaiahs and Ezechiel and Daniel: indeed, he brings in the Temple and the Ark of the Covenant. But the Old Testament mood was gone for ever. The Christians of Asia Minor, for whom St. John was primarily writing, knew nothing of the old Liturgy; and if they had known, they would have been bewildered by what he wrote. For he wrote of the Paschal Sacrifice and Feast: and that, with the Jews, was a household not a temple worship. There was no apse in the Temple, no "sea of glass"; and the sanctuary and the altar were quite differently placed. And if he mentions the Temple and the Ark of the Covenant, they were on a different plane from the "scene" of the poem. They were looked at from below, and are spoken of as quite extraneous to the "scene." They were both represented together as emblems lifted up into Heaven to be there transformed into that which they had typified. The Temple becomes the New Jerusalem coming *down* as the Bride of the Lamb: the Ark is seen *above* transformed into the Woman crowned with twelve stars. Before our eyes they become the Church-Bride and the Church-Mother, and with the twenty-four elders below we rejoice in the transformation. They are in no way part of the "scene."

But the incense? Here a Catholic authority joins in to help to stop me. It says, "There is no evidence for the use of incense in the first century." For me, the

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word of an Apostle is evidence enough. It is, by way of side-support for my argument, also only from the Apocalypse that we know of Alleluia being part of Christian worship from the beginning. But, more directly, there is this consideration. At first, the Christian Church, anxious to show her continuity, retained that portion of the old worship which was not sacrifice or sacrament. These two things were kept only in their Christian fulfilment. But the Amen, the Hosanna, the Alleluia, the recitation of the Psalms, were gladly retained. After a while, however, the Jewish body and the Christian Church were sharply divided. The Judaizing controversy made it necessary to emphasize the division. After that the Church not only did not go back to anything Judæan, but took pains to do things differently on purpose. Therefore, if once the use of incense had been given up, it could never be brought back again. It was a natural symbol, universal in the East and adopted even by pagans in the West. It signified both honour and the aspiration and sweetness of prayer. There was no reason against it. As soon as records are available, we find Christians using it everywhere; and if it had been a subsequent re-introduction, there would certainly have been some discussion about it. So St. John was only recording a use which had never been interrupted. Besides, the Apocalyptic incense has quite a different ritual from the Mosaic. In the old temple, there had been an altar of incense inside the sanctuary, and it had nothing to do with the altar of sacrifice. With St. John, the angel (i.e., the deacon) stands before the altar of sacrifice and incense is given to him and it is lit with fire from that altar. The twenty-four elders also have vessels of incense, and in both cases a new and Christian meaning is given to the rite. Formerly it was priestly prayer *for* the people: now it is the intercessory offering of the prayer *of* the people. The objections have only confirmed our conclusions. The paschal Alleluia and the perpetual incense date from the beginning. Still, they insist, the Alleluia is only a word. So is the incense, and a perfectly beautiful

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one. Really, the Protestant mind is very unphilosophical, and very unpoetical.

Having now constituted the scene, we may pass on to the action. And here we must make a distinction, which, indeed, we have already made. There is the action in the scene itself, and there are the visions of which the persons of the scene are, along with the Seer, only spectators. We will take the former first. As a prelude, however, I have a few critical remarks to make which will prevent my having to interrupt myself by discussions. (1) The custom of veiling the altar by curtains between the pillars of the canopy is found in all the early liturgies, and must therefore be primitive. In the West it is now represented only by the veil over the tabernacle. This accounts for the voices heard from the altar in the Apocalypse when the speaker is not seen.* (2) The *Gloria in excelsis* seems to come from the first century, and certainly represents that Acclamation which St. John calls the Adoration of the Lamb. *Gloria . . . Domine Deus, Pater omnipotens . . . Domine Fili . . . Agnus Dei . . . Quoniam tu solus sanctus . . . Jesu Christe cum Sancto Spiritu in gloria Dei Patris.* I am aware that its introduction into the Mass is comparatively recent in the West, but this use was earlier in the East, and anyhow it was always in the Divine Office, and the connection of the Office with the Mass was closer at the beginning than it is now. The Gloria may have been derived from the Apocalypse, though internal evidence is against that; but if so, then from the earliest times the Church attributed to the Apocalypse the meaning I am claiming for it now. A singular indication that the Gloria has always been regarded as the Adoration of the Lamb is found in the Holy Week liturgy, where the bells are rung throughout the Gloria on Holy Thursday because the Paschal Lamb is about to be removed from the altar, and again on Holy Saturday because He is about to return. (3) The

* This point I owe to the admirable article by the Rev. Herbert Lucas, S.J., in *The Catholic Encyclopaedia*, on Christian Architecture. I had reached all my other conclusions before seeing his article.

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Eastern rites are more dramatic than ours in the cries of the deacon to the people and their response; as, for instance, where in one case after the consecration the deacon says, "Bow your heads to Jesus," and the congregation replies, "We bow them to Thee, O Lord." In the Apocalypse these exhortations are transformed into the cries of the angels from the altar. (4) In every rite, and, indeed, it seems essentially necessary, the priest prepares for his function by self-humiliation and confession of sin. In the Apocalypse the priest is the Lamb Himself, for whom, of course, confession is needless. The necessary sorrow is supplied partly by the Seer himself, who wept because no one was found worthy to open the book, but principally by the Judgment of the Son of Man on the Seven Churches. It is this consideration which makes the Sevenfold Message an integral portion of the book. It is the Bridegroom preparing the Bride for the great marriage that is to follow. (5) A Protestant friend of mine, with whom I was discussing these things, urged that St. John does not even mention the Blessed Eucharist. I said I thought the whole poem was on the Paschal Feast, and what else is the Eucharist? Only symbolically, he replied. Then, I said, see what happened when the seventh seal was opened. "There was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour." Have we had that silence before? Read in St. John's Gospel: "Jesus, having loved his own who were in the world, loved them to the end. [Silence.] And when supper was done . . ." What supper? The one mentioned in the silence. It was the same writer, and the same mystery, and his reasons were the same. How Dante must have loved that silence! He made it the climax of his own Vision, when he stood at the summit of creation face to face with the Apocalyptic threefold rainbow view of the One that sat upon the throne. Part of St. John's reason was that the *Disciplina arcani* was already in force. This, indeed, we see even in the Epistle to the Hebrews, a book to which St. John several times alludes as if he loved it. But that rule or discipline, namely, the injunction not to mention

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openly so tangible a mystery lest it be profaned by the pagans, applied more strongly than ever to the Apocalypse, which was being written where at any moment it might fall into the hands of the persecutors. Therefore the initiates, who were always keenly on the watch for allusions to the mystery they loved, would know at once what that silence meant. My friend was still unconvinced. Then, I said, what do you make of the two Angel Reapers ? Just where the communion was to take place, they were told to thrust in their sickles. And what was their harvest ? Corn and Wine. Here the initiates would exult. What else could it mean ? If there were any further doubt, what became of that Wine ? The wine-press was trodden and forth there came Blood, in such abundance that it flooded the land and rose to the bridles of the horses. Of what other Wine on earth could that be said ? What other Blood was ever shed in such profusion ? Even our own unregenerate Marlowe wrote :

See where Christ's Blood streams o'er the firmament.

My friend began to see that there was something in what I said.

These things being premised, let me put in parallel columns, not necessarily in the usual order for the second column, the actions of the "scene" and the actions of the Mass. Skilled liturgists may tell me that some of the latter are borrowed from the former. That only means, as I said before, that the early Church thought about the Apocalypse what I am trying to vindicate for it. By way of compensation, the skilled liturgist will probably find many more coincidences, especially from Eastern rites, than I have been able to notice. Those I give are quite convincing to me.

THE APOCALYPSE.

The Son of Man judges, warns, Judica me . . . Confiteor . . .
forgives. Indulgentiam.

The Lamb takes the Book. Introibo ad altare Dei.

The 24 elders offer up the *Kyrie eleison* : with incense.
incense-prayer.

THE MASS.

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Adoration of the Lamb.	<i>Gloria . . . Agnus Dei . . . tu solus sanctus.</i>
The first four seals.	The instruction, or reading of the Word.
Fifth seal: souls of martyrs under the altar.	(<i>Oramus . . . per merita sanctorum quorum reliquiae hic sunt.</i>)
Sixth seal: Wait "till we sign the servants of God in their foreheads."	The incensing of the ministers of the altar (also the Pax).
Seventh seal: "the mystery is finished."	Consecration.
Silence in Heaven.	Silent adoration.
Angel with incense.	Incense at Elevation.
The Kingdom: the Temple and the Woman.	The prayer of the Kingdom: <i>Pater noster . . . adveniat Regnum tuum.</i>
The War with the Dragon.	<i>Sed libera nos a malo.</i>
The Lamb upon Mount Sion.	<i>Agnus Dei.</i>
Blessed are the dead.	(Commemoration of the departed.)
The Reapers with their harvest of Corn and Wine.	Preparation for Communion.
Alleluia to the Lamb.	<i>Ecce Agnus Dei.</i>
The Marriage with the Bride.	Communion.

It has now been shown that the "scene" which runs through the whole Apocalypse is an ideal picture of the Paschal Sacrifice and Banquet. From the point of view of Grace, it is a picture of lovely light. But in a world like this, no picture can consist of light alone; and the intenser the light, the more gloomy the shadows. Hence the terrible visions of the Prophet.

Every new revelation of God brings bliss to those who believe, but terror to those who refuse. It is a pitiful thing that even over the Baby Jesus the word of truth should have to say, "This child is set for the fall and for the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted." In this concrete life, good and evil seem hopelessly tangled together, and our temptation is to minimize the difference between them: but when the two-edged sword of revelation is brought, it cuts the

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Gordian knot. St. John seems to bear in mind that text in the Epistle to the Hebrews, "The word of God is living and effectual, and more piercing than any two-edged sword ; and reaching unto the division of the soul and the spirit, of the joints also and the marrow, and is a dis- cerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." This is what is meant by the two-edged sword of the Lamb, and perhaps the most awful phrase in the book is "the wrath of the Lamb." Therefore, just as throughout the book the Church's worship is sublimed into Heaven, so the World's profanity is precipitated into Hell. And Hell is not a place of elegance and loveliness. The opening of every seal brings more woe upon unbelief, and when the seventh seal is opened and the fullness of the identity of the Paschal altar and the Cross of Calvary is revealed, the Prophet sees again what he himself saw as he stood at the foot of that Cross. All the powers of evil are always banded together against the Word of God. Then it was the diabolical envy and malice of the Pharisees, the worldliness of Pilate and the fleshliness of Herod, and the very earth shook and thundered and was darkened. Now it was Satan, "the spiritual wickedness in high places," the persecuting power of the Roman Empire, and the moral corruption of the time. It is always the same war —the Dragon, the Beast and the Harlot.

Side by side, therefore, with the Beauty of Holiness the Seer shows us the Ugliness of Sin. All the evil that has ever befallen the earth, or shall befall it, is but a just retribution for all the pains it has inflicted on the Lamb slain from the beginning of the world—the Red Horse of War, the Black Horse of Famine, the Pale Horse of Death, catastrophe and terror, destruction and woe, all mingled with the smoke of the bottomless pit, whence issue the fearsome locusts who gnaw the souls of men with fruitless remorse : and with it all, the hideous presence, along with his satellites, of the Dragon Prince of this world, who is already judged.

Amid these visions of terror St. John sees the consolation of successive victories of Grace. Once it was Tyre,

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and Tyre was destroyed: then it was Jerusalem, and Jerusalem is destroyed: now it is Babylon, and Babylon shall be destroyed. Looking into the future, he sees the Church victorious over the blood-stained Empire and enthroned for a thousand years above its ruins. And, indeed (with the exception of the Mohammedan irruption) for about a thousand years the Church was supreme wherever Rome had been supreme, and she had no enemies except those of her own household. The exception is, of course, an important one, and seems to show that nothing on earth can attain to ideal perfection. St. John's purpose, I take it, was to show the Christian world that in the Eucharistic Sacrifice it had a promise of speedy relief on earth and everlasting triumph in Heaven. Beyond that it seems waste of time to peer into this symbolic poem for more definite interpretations of fact.

The Prophet would have every generation know that the war is perpetual, and that we are in the thick of it. We bear either the mark of the Lamb or the mark of the Beast. This war gathers with utmost intensity around the Paschal Sacrifice and Banquet. Those who partake with faith and love are glorified; but unless a man eats of that Flesh and drinks of that Blood, he shall not see life for ever, and he that partakes unworthily eats and drinks damnation to himself.

To sum up. The Apocalypse may be regarded first as a prophecy-poem on the Paschal Sacrifice and Banquet, the Eucharistic Mystery which unites Heaven and Earth. Or, secondly, it may be regarded as the Drama of the Marriage of the Earthly Bride with her Heavenly Bridegroom, of her Unity and her Glory, the Mystery of the Universal Body of Christ. Or thirdly, as the Revelation of the Incarnate Word, One with the Father, the Alpha and Omega, the beloved Redeemer, the awe-inspiring Judge, the Jesus who lived in our midst, to whom the Spirit and the Bride say Come, and to whom His world-weary disciple pathetically says, "Amen: come, Lord Jesus!" Or fourthly, as the symbolic seal of the doctrine of the Triune God, the Father and the Word occupying the

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same throne and receiving the same adoration, and the Holy Spirit proceeding from both. This fourfold unity binds the whole poem more closely together than either the vision of Dante or the tragedy of Macbeth is bound. And the Apocalyptic unity is moreover irradiated with all the fiery tongues of Pentecost.

Still more, there are artistic devices which, instinctively or by deliberate craft, all great workers in Poetry, Music, or Architecture throw prominently forward to enhance the sense of the unity that is essentially there. There are recurring phrases throughout the Apocalypse which serve as *leit-motifs*. These mostly occur at the beginning and the end of the messages to the seven churches—just the portion which some critics find to be organically disconnected with the Divine Drama. And above all, the very beginning (i. 4-6) is a synopsis of the whole work, the statement of the theme that is going to be developed, repeated, transformed and re-stated over and over again, like the rhythmic waves of a great musical symphony, or the alternating forms of a great cathedral:

Grace be unto you and peace from Him that is, and that was, and that is to come, and from the seven spirits which are before His throne, and from Jesus Christ, who is the faithful witness, the first begotten of the dead, and the prince of the kings of the earth, who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us a kingdom and priests to God and His Father, to Him be glory and empire for ever and ever. Amen.

In the case of St. John this may be merely instinctive, but the more I study art the more sceptical I become of the “native wood-notes wild” theory. If a man is naturally poetical, I cannot imagine anything more likely to turn him into a finished and conscious artist than the training and experience which developed the fisherman of Galilee into the Seer of Patmos.

Such another device is the constant recurrence of the number seven. On the side of Grace, the seven churches, stars and candlesticks, the seven spirits before the throne, the seven lamps, the seven eyes of the Lamb, the seven

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seals, the seven angels with trumpets, the seven angels with vials of plagues. On the side of Evil, like a horrible parody, the Dragon with seven heads and diadems, the Beast with seven heads, the Scarlet Woman with seven heads, the seven hills and the seven kings. It has the unifying effect of the fivefold rhythm that runs through the slow movement of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. It is Revelation beautified by Art.

This, then, is the import of the Apocalypse. And surely we are entitled to fling all doubt, controversy and criticism behind our backs, and hail it as the crowning glory of the New Testament. It is the fullest manifestation of all the Four Mysteries which make up the Temple of God, not only in their separate glories but in their inter-relation and due proportion. It is the measurement of the City of God "which lieth in a foursquare, and the length and the breadth and the height thereof are equal." More than any other revelation it makes us "able to comprehend, with all the saints, what is the breadth, and length, and height, and depth." It fulfils the function of the Prophet in the New Law, namely, to teach humanity to see the things of faith as God sees them. With the eyes of our soul thus purged, we realize that it is not the extravagance of rhapsody, but plain literal truth, when just before the supreme moment of the Mass we lift ourselves to Heaven and say: "Et ideo cum Angelis et Archangelis, cum Thronis et Dominationibus, cumque omni militia coelestis exercitus, hymnum gloriae tuae canimus sine fine dicentes, Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth: pleni sunt coeli *et terra* gloria tua: Hosanna in excelsis."

F. C. KOLBE.

PERSECUTION IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

THE unfortunate English Catholics had reason for hoping that, with the accession of James I, there would be some mitigation of their troubles. Seventeen months before her death, in November, 1601, that is, Elizabeth by proclamation* promised "some favour to such of the clergy as should give sufficient assurance of their allegiance to her as their lawful queen," in consequence of which, Bishop Challoner states, "not a few voluntarily delivered themselves up." This must have suggested that the irritation induced by *Regnans in Excelsis* was subsiding. Another reason for hope lay in the fact that the legitimacy of the new King was unassailable. From our standpoint to-day this does not mean that his claim to the throne was any better than Elizabeth's, whose right was a parliamentary one like that of Henry IV, Henry V, Henry VI and Henry VII, and, from a strictly legal point of view, that of her half-sister Mary. The English monarchy was theoretically elective, the coronation service makes that quite clear, and there can be but little doubt that had Elizabeth been a Catholic her parliamentary title would have been accepted. As it was, her claim was constantly contested and she had to fight for her life.

But whatever the hopes of English Catholics may have been, they were doomed to disappointment. Challoner, quoting Howes' *Chronicle*, writes that on February 22nd, 1604, "the King sent forth a proclamation strictly commanding all priests to depart the realm before the nineteenth of March, upon pain of having the laws executed against them without the least favour or mercy; and at the same time giving orders to the deputy lieutenants,

* This proclamation is given in full in Tierney's edition of Dodd's *Church History* (from Wilkin's *Concilia*).

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justices of the peace and other magistrates to be vigilant in their several ports and to use great diligence for the discovering and apprehending of all such as, contrary to the aforesaid proclamation, should presume to remain in the kingdom after the said nineteenth of March. And as to those priests who at that time were already in prison, his Majesty, in the same proclamation, signifies that he hath given orders for their being shipped off at some convenient port and for ever banished the kingdom."* In consequence of this proclamation, in the following September twenty-one priests and three laymen were exiled, and that in spite of many of them having obtained the King's pardon and not a few of them having voluntarily denounced themselves, relying on the good faith of Elizabeth's proclamation.

Less than a month after King James's proclamation, on March 19th, his first Parliament met, and one of its first measures was an Act for the due execution of the statutes against Jesuits, seminary priests, recusants, etc., by the first section of which it was enacted :

That all and every the statutes heretofore made in the reign of the late queen of famous memory Elizabeth, as well against Jesuits, seminary priests, and other priests, deacons, religious, and other ecclesiastical persons whatsoever made, ordained or professed by any authority or jurisdiction derived, challenged or pretended from the see of Rome as those which do in any wise concern the withdrawing of the king's subjects from their due obedience and the religion now professed and the taking of the oath of obedience unto the king's majesty, his heirs and successors, together with all those made in the said late queen's time against any manner of recusants shall be put in due and exact execution.†

The Elizabethan penal laws were thus confirmed in their entirety before the gunpowder plot was heard of ; indeed, before November 5th, 1605, one priest and five laymen were executed for their faith. But after that date a long Act, of forty-two sections, was passed "for the better discovering and repressing of popish recusants."‡

* Challoner, *Lives of the Missionary Priests*.

† 1 and 2 Jac. I, c. 4.

‡ 3 and 4 Jac. I, c. 4.

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The first section ran as follows :

Forasmuch as it is found by daily experience that many of his majesty's subjects that adhere in their hearts to the popish religion by the infection drawn from thence and by the wicked and devilish counsel of Jesuits, seminaries (*sic*) and other like persons dangerous to Church and State are so far perverted in the point of their loyalties and due allegiance unto the king's majesty and the crown of England, as they are ready to entertain and execute any treasonable conspiracies and practices as evidently appears by that more than barbarous and horrible attempt to have blown up with gunpowder the king, queen, prince, lords and commons in the house of parliament assembled . . .

The important sections of this statute from the point of view of the martyrs are the fifteenth and the twenty-second. The former sets out a new oath of allegiance of which more will be said directly ; the latter extends the scope of 23 Eliz. c. 1,* which, it will be remembered, enacted that anyone should be adjudged a traitor who should, within the Queen's dominions, use any means to bring about the withdrawal of any of the Queen's subjects from their natural obedience to her majesty or to withdraw them *for that intent* from the established religion or to move them to submission to the Holy See. Section 22 of the Jacobean statute is as follows :

If any person or persons . . . shall upon or beyond the seas or in any other place within the dominions of the king's majesty, his heirs and successors, put in practice to absolve, persuade or withdraw any of the subjects of the king's majesty, or of his heirs or successors, from their natural obedience to his majesty, his heirs or successors, or to reconcile them to the pope or see of Rome, or to move them or any of them to promise obedience to any pretended authority of the see of Rome, or any other prince, state or potentate ; that such persons, their procurers, counsellors and aiders, knowing the same, shall be adjudged traitors, and likewise the persons willingly absolved and withdrawn, etc., their aiders, abettors and maintainers, etc., knowing the same shall be to all intents adjudged traitors and being thereof lawfully convicted shall have judgment, suffer and forfeit as in cases of high treason.

* See DUBLIN REVIEW, October, 1923.

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The Elizabethan statute did not extend beyond the dominions of the English crown, and the offence of withdrawing from the State Church was limited by the words "to that intent." But, as Hale, C.J., points out,* the Jacobean statute extends "larger" as to the place of such offence, the words "to that intent," which bound up the Elizabethan statute, are omitted, and further it extends to maintainers of the offenders, knowing the same.

The new oath of allegiance was a matter of importance as a considerable proportion of the martyrs could have saved their lives by taking it; and for that reason, verbose as the oath is, it will be well to set out its terms in full :

I, A.B., do truly and sincerely acknowledge, profess, testify and declare in my conscience before God and the world that our sovereign lord King James is lawful and rightful king of this realm and of all other his majesty's dominions and countries; and that the pope neither of himself nor by any authority of the church or see of Rome, or by any other means with any other hath any power or authority to depose the king or to dispose of any of his majesty's kingdoms or dominions, or to authorize any foreign prince to invade or annoy him or his countries; or to discharge any of his subjects of their allegiance and obedience to his majesty, or to give licence or leave to any of them to bear arms, raise tumult, or to offer violence or hurt to his majesty's royal person, state or government, or to any of his majesty's subjects within his majesty's dominions.

(2) Also I do swear from my heart that notwithstanding any declaration or sentence of excommunication or deprivation made or granted to be made, or granted by the pope or his successors, or by any authority derived or pretended to be derived from him or his see against the said king, his heirs, or successors, or any absolution of the said subjects from their obedience, I will bear faith and true allegiance to his majesty, his heirs and successors, and him and them will defend to the uttermost of my power against all conspiracies and attempts whatsoever which shall be made against his or their persons, their crown and dignity, by reason or colour of any such sentence or declaration or otherwise; and will do my best endeavour to disclose and make known unto his majesty, his heirs and successors, all treasons and traitorous

* *Hist. Plac. Cor.* (ed. 1737).

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conspiracies which I shall know or hear of to be against him or any of them.

(3) And I do further swear that I do from my heart abhor, detest and abjure as impious and heretical this damnable doctrine and position that princes which be excommunicated or deprived by the pope may be deposed or murdered by their subjects or any other whatsoever.

(4) And I do believe, and in my conscience am resolved, that neither the pope nor any person whatsoever hath power to absolve me of this oath or any part thereof, which I acknowledge by good and full authority to be lawfully ministered unto me, and do renounce all pardons and dispensations to the contrary.

(5) And all these things I do plainly and sincerely acknowledge and swear according to these express words by me spoken, and according to their plain and common sense and understanding of the same words without any equivocation or mental evasion or secret reservation whatsoever. And I do make this recognition and acknowledgment heartily, willingly and truly upon the true faith of a Christian. So help me God.*

If this oath be compared with that imposed by the "Act for the Relief of His Majesty's Roman Catholic Subjects" of 1829, it will be seen that it does not differ in principle. The relevant parts of the later oath were as follows :

I, A.B., do sincerely promise and swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to his majesty King George and will defend him to the utmost of my power against all conspiracies and attempts whatever which shall be made against his person, crown or dignity. And I will do my utmost endeavour to disclose and make known to his majesty, his heirs and successors, all treasons and traitorous conspiracies which may be formed against him or them. . . . And I do further declare that it is not an article of my faith and that I do renounce, reject and abjure the opinion that princes excommunicated or deprived by the pope or any other authority of the see of Rome may be deposed or murdered by their subjects or by any person whatsoever. And I do declare that I do not believe that the pope of Rome, or any other foreign prince, prelate, person, state or potentate hath, or ought to have, any temporal or civil jurisdiction, power, superiority or pre-eminence, directly or indirectly, within this realm. . . . And I do hereby disclaim, disavow and solemnly abjure

* 3 and 4 Jac. I.

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any intention to subvert the present church establishment as settled by law within this realm. And I do solemnly swear that I will never exercise any privilege to which I am, or may become, entitled to disturb or weaken the protestant religion or protestant government in the United Kingdom. And I do solemnly, in the presence of God, profess, testify and declare that I do make this declaration and every part thereof in the plain and ordinary sense of the words of this oath, without any evasion, equivocation or mental reservation whatsoever. So help me God.*

This Georgian oath was required to be taken by Catholic ecclesiastics of every degree before exercising their clerical functions, by schoolmasters, peers and members of the House of Commons, parliamentary electors and candidates, officers in the army and navy, other officers of the crown, high and chief constables, serjeants and barristers-at-law, attorneys, solicitors and notaries ; and there can be but little doubt that the Jacobean oath would also have been taken in spite of its more offensive wording. But it was condemned by Rome, and our noble missionary priests showed their unflinching loyalty to the Holy See by refusing to take it even to save themselves from the ghastly penalty of treason.

The remainder of the Act 3 and 4 Jac. I, c. 4, is devoted to the enhancement of the misery of the recusants who do not come within the scope of this article—they may be dealt with perhaps on a future occasion : but the first section of the next statute 3 and 4 Jac. I, c. 5, entitled “An Act to prevent and avoid dangers which may grow by Popish Recusants,” was aimed at the clergy, by holding out rewards for their betrayal by false brethren. This objectionable section was couched in the following terms :

Whereas divers Jesuits, seminaries (*sic*) and popish priests daily do withdraw many of his majesty’s subjects from the true service of Almighty God and the religion established within this realm to the Romish religion and from their loyal obedience to his majesty, and have of late secretly persuaded divers recusants and papists and encouraged and emboldened them to commit most damnable treasons tending to the overthrow of God’s true religion, the destruction of his majesty and his royal issue, and

* 10 Geo. IV, c. 7.

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the overthrow of the whole state and commonwealth if God of his goodness and mercy had not within a few hours before the intended time of the execution thereof revealed and disclosed the same: wherefore to discover and prevent such secret damnable conspiracies and treasons as may hereafter be put in use by such evil disposed persons if remedy be not therefore provided; be it enacted . . . That such person as shall first discover to any justice of the peace any recusant or other person which shall entertain or relieve any Jesuit, seminary or popish priest, or shall discover any mass to have been said and the persons that were present at such mass, and the priest that said the same or any of them, within three days next after the offence committed, and that by reason of such discovery any of the said offenders be taken and convicted or attainted, that then the person which hath made such discovery shall not only be freed from the penalty of any law for such offence, if he be an offender therein, but also have the third part of the forfeiture of all such sums of money . . . which shall be forfeited by such offence, so as the same total forfeiture exceed not the sum of £150, and if it exceed the sum of £150 the said person . . . shall have the sum of £50 . . .

The Act 3 and 4 Jac. I, c. 5, also contained a number of provisions for the harassing of recusants, but the section just quoted was the only one relating to the clergy. That, however, was quite sufficient to enhance the difficulties of their apostolic labours by the introduction of the common informer. But, in spite of that, the number of those who laid down their lives for their faith between the accession of James I and the death of Charles II, i.e., between March 24th, 1603, and February 6th, 1685, a period of eighty-two years, was less than half the number of those who suffered in the forty-five years of Elizabeth's reign.

Of the 252 martyrs whose cause is now in progress, seventy-six died during the period now under consideration—twenty-nine secular priests, twenty-one Jesuits, seven Benedictine monks, seven Franciscan friars, and twelve laymen. Of these one was so brutally handled that he died before he could be lodged in prison, one died under torture, four died in prison, one was tried for

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a civil offence, and one was shot by soldiers on his acknowledging himself to be a Catholic. That leaves sixty-eight who were actually executed. The period naturally divides itself into two unequal portions—the first from the accession of James I to the denunciation of the popish plot in 1678 ; the second, the two years frenzy induced by the Oates perjuries.

To the first of these sub-periods fifty-two of the martyrs belong, and of these one, a Jesuit lay brother, died under torture or from the effects of torture; another, a secular priest, died in prison after condemnation; a third, a layman, was the one condemned for a civil offence; and a fourth, another layman, was shot without ceremony. The remaining forty-eight were executed for one or another of the religion-treasons devised under Elizabeth or for the felony of assisting a priest.

Of three cases something must be said. The Ven. John Goodman, a secular priest, was tried and condemned early in the year 1640. The King, Charles I, was unwilling to sign the warrant for his execution because he had been condemned solely for being a priest. Both Houses of Parliament remonstrated with the King and urged the execution of the condemned priest, alleging among other things that the reprieve "had given great disgust to the City of London." The King remitted the case to Parliament; adding that he desired them to take into their consideration "the inconveniency which, as he conceived, might fall upon [his] subjects and other protestants abroad . . . which having thus represented [he thought] himself discharged from all ill consequences that [might] ensue upon the execution of this person." As the responsibility was the King's this seems reminiscent of Pilate. Meantime, the prisoner petitioned the King that he might, for the sake of peace between his Majesty and his subjects, be handed over to the executioner. The King sent the petition to the House of Lords and it appears to have softened the feelings of the remonstrants. The Ven. John Goodman was not executed but was kept in prison, where he died on Good Friday, 1642.

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It will be necessary to prove that he died on account of the rigours of his prison life if he is to be awarded the honours of martyrdom.

The other two cases are those of the laymen, the VV. Richard Herst and Robert Price. The latter met his death a couple of years after that of Ven. John Goodman and after this wise. In 1644 Lincoln was taken by the parliamentary troops under the Earl of Manchester. "The next day, after the town was taken, some of [the parliamentary] common soldiers in cold blood meeting with Mr. Price of Washingley in Huntingdonshire, a Papist, asked him, Art thou Price the Papist? I am, said he, Price the Roman Catholic; whereupon one of them immediately shot him dead." This is the story told by an officer of the parliamentary force in question to Austin, the author of *The Christian Moderator*, and is all that is known in regard to this matter. The promoter of the faith raised no objection to the inclusion of Mr. Price's name, but his successor in office may ask for further particulars.

The case of the Ven. Richard Herst is a striking example of the difficulty experienced by a Catholic in obtaining common justice at the beginning of the Seventeenth Century. He was a Lancashire farmer and a recusant. Warrants were issued for his arrest and pursuivants of the Bishop of Chester went to his farm to execute them. He was ploughing at the time of their approach and one of them struck at him with his staff. A maid servant seeing this called for help: her mistress, a manservant and another man went to his help. The two pursuivants turned on the newcomers and one of them struck down the manservant and the other man. The maid struck the other pursuivant on the head, her master being at the time some thirty yards distant. The pursuivant ran to join his fellow, stumbled, broke his leg and died of the injury a fortnight or so later. Dying, he declared that his death was due to his fall and that only: and this was verified later by two witnesses on oath.

Mr. Herst had given neither direction nor encourage-

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ment in the matter but yet was indicted for wilful murder. Bishop Challoner does not give particulars and expresses surprise that such a charge could be laid. Obviously it was for slaying an officer in the execution of his duty. Coke defines the law: "If a magistrate or known officer or any other that hath legal warrant and is doing or offering to do his office or execute his warrant is slain, this is murder by malice implied in law." No objection could be made to the putting of Mr. Herst upon his trial; but it was for the crown to show that he had ordered or countenanced the attack upon the pursuivant, and that the latter had died from the blow delivered by the maid. In fact, the accused had given no order or encouragement, and the man did not die from the blow on his head, but from the effects of the broken leg. Evidence of this was given in the coroner's court and again at the assizes. The judge, Sir Henry Yelverton, one of the justices of the Common Bench, instructed the jury that the prisoner was a recusant, that he had resisted the bishop's authority and must be found guilty of murder as an example. The jury, however, were unwilling to act upon this direction, so their foreman with two others of their number went to the judge, who insisted upon their finding a verdict of guilty as an example. This was done and was followed by sentence of death. Before trial the Ven. Richard Herst had petitioned the King for a pardon for the pursuivant's death, but it was decided that he should be tried. The judge now certified the lord keeper that "it was so foul a murder as he did never hear of." The pardon was therefore refused. The whole business was a gross miscarriage of justice, or rather, a gross perversion of justice; in spite, however, of the animus shown on account of his faith, it may be doubted whether his execution solely in consequence of this trial would have been sufficient to secure for him the honours of martyrdom. But after his conviction he was offered his life if he would take the oath of allegiance set out above. This he refused to do and met his death cheerfully with great courage and serenity of mind.

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This iniquitous trial must have been one of the class which made Sir James Fitzjames Stephen wonder why any judge should have thought it worth while to be openly unjust or cruel to prisoners since "his position enabled him, as a rule, to secure whatever verdict he liked without taking a single irregular step or speaking a single harsh word." He goes on to say, "The popular notions about the safeguards provided by trial by jury if only 'the good old laws of England' were observed were," he thought, "as fallacious as the popular conception of those imaginary good old laws. No system of procedure ever devised would," he added, "protect a man against a corrupt judge and false witnesses, any more than the best system of police would protect him against assassination."*

The fact is that till the beginning of the Eighteenth Century the judges were mere creatures of the crown and could be cashiered at any time: consequently they did what they thought would be pleasing to those on whom their continuance in office depended. This explains much of the bullying to which our martyrs were subjected when on their trial. But if we wish to take a just view of the case, it must be remembered that brutalities of the kind were not confined to them: the trial of the Quakers before Chief Justice Foster in 1662† is sufficient evidence of this. But it is time to get on to the popish plot, the trials for which were held before a Chief Justice, apparently appointed for the purpose; a Chief Justice of whom one of his successors, Lord Campbell, spoke in almost unmeasured terms:

Sir William Scroggs is looked to with more loathing, if not with more indignation, than Jeffreys, for in his abominable cruelties he was the sordid tool of others. . . . Although quite indifferent with regard to religion and ready to have declared himself a Papist, or a Puritan, or a Mahometan, according to the promptings of his superiors, finding that the policy of the government was to outbid Shaftesbury in zeal for Protestantism, he professed an implicit belief in all the wonders revealed by Titus Oates, in the

* *History of the Criminal Law.*

† See Campbell, *Lives of the Chief Justices.*

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murder of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey by Papists, and in the absolute necessity for cutting off without pity all those who were engaged in the nefarious design to assassinate the king, to burn London and to extinguish the flames with the blood of Protestants. He thought himself to be in the singularly felicitous situation of pleasing the government while he received shouts of applause from the mob.*

Of those whose cause is now in progress twenty-four were put to death or died in prison between December 3rd, 1678, and December 29th, 1680, but not all of them in connection with the "popish plot": though doubtless the excitement induced by the "revelations" of Oates was responsible for the renewal of activities under the Act of 27 Elizabeth, which had not been called into operation for more than four-and-twenty years, that is, since the martyrdom of the Ven. John Southworth on July 28th, 1654. Eight priests were executed under the Elizabethan statute: of these five, the VV. William Plessington, John Lloyd, Nicholas Postgate, and John Kemble, were seculars; two, the VV. Philip Evans and David Lewis, Jesuits; and two, the VV. Charles Mahoney and John Wall, Franciscans. That leaves sixteen to be accounted for. Fifteen of these were accused by Oates and his fellows of participation in the popish plot; and one, the Ven. Thomas Thweng, a Yorkshire priest, was accused, with Sir Thomas Gascoigne, Sir Miles Stapylton, Lady Tempest and others of the laity for participation in the same or a similar plot. The Ven. Thomas Thweng was condemned at York and executed, those charged with him being acquitted.

Three of the remaining, the VV. Edward Mico, S.J., Thomas Bedingfield, S.J., and Francis Leveson, O.S.F., died in prison; and a fourth, the V. Francis Nevill, S.J., then 84 years of age, was so brutally handled, when taken, that he died before he could be placed in prison. Eleven were brought to trial at bar, Scroggs, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, presiding, and all were condemned for treason. The twelfth, Lord Stafford, was tried before

* *Ibid.*

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the House of Lords, Lord Finch, Lord High Chancellor, being appointed Lord Steward for the occasion. Eighty-six peers took part in the trial and fifty-one of them voted for a conviction. When told that he had been found guilty Lord Stafford said : "God's holy name be praised."

The position of those who suffered for the popish plot is not on all fours with those who were executed under the statute of 27 Elizabeth or similar penal laws. The latter were indicted for what may be called religion-treason, and acts done in consequence of their faith were those for which they were put to death : but the victims of the Oates plot were indicted for ordinary civil treason, for conspiring to depose the King, under the Statute of Treasons of Edward III. And it can hardly be doubted that the point will be made much of by the Promoter of the Faith.

That there was a plot of some kind appears to be true. Mr. John Pollock says that Lord Acton remarked to him that one of three quite unravelled mysteries of that time was as to how Oates got hold of the wrong story. That he was a perjured liar is undoubted. Sir James Fitzjames Stephen says that "no one accustomed to weighing evidence can doubt that he and his subordinate witnesses, Bedloe, Dugdale, Turberville and Dangerfield, were quite as bad and quite as false as they are usually supposed to have been. Their evidence has every mark of perjury about it."* The result of that perjury was, as the same writer says, "a dreadful series of failures of justice." The plot was believed in, and the consequent panic predisposed juries to believe the evidence of the *soi-disant* accomplices: but Sir James says that "the worst verdict given by any jury was a venial error in comparison with the fifty-one peers who convicted Lord Stafford. The first panic had long subsided at the time of the trial. After his evidence in Wakeman's and Lord Castlemaine's trials, Oates ought never to have been believed again."†

But as regards the judges and counsel illegality cannot

* *Hist. Crim. Law.*

† *Ibid.*

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be charged against them. On this point Sir James Stephen has some weighty things to say :

It must be admitted in the first place that Scroggs, who presided at all the trials, was guilty of some misbehaviour which compares unfavourably even with the brutality of Jeffreys. His summings up in the cases of Ireland, Pickering and Groves, and in the trial of the five Jesuits, can be described only as infamous. The first is full of attacks on the Roman Catholics, disgusting in the mouth of a judge on a capital trial, and the second is such a speech for the prosecution as no counsel in the present day would make. Besides this he continually checked and sneered at the prisoners when on their trial. I must, however, say in justice to Scroggs, that, disgusting as his manner was, I am not prepared to say that he strained the law as it then stood. . . . I do not think much censure attaches to the counsel for the crown for their conduct in these trials. They were undoubtedly zealous, and they did not abstain from the popular topics as to Roman Catholics, Jesuits, the doctrine of equivocation and the like, but I know of no behaviour on the part of any one of them which can be fairly compared to that of Coke on the trial of Raleigh.*

To sum the matter up shortly, it may, I think, be fairly put in this way. Oates and certain other needy scoundrels wanted money and therefore charged a number of Catholics with treason, knowing that people generally would be savagely excited and convictions almost certain, and they in consequence regarded as public benefactors. The victims had probably a not more unfair trial than would have been the fate of any other unpopular persons, say, the Quakers: evidence was tendered against them; the jury believed it and convicted; and they were sentenced for treason, but not for any matter of faith.

Some such points will probably be raised by the Promoter of the Faith, commonly known as the Devil's Advocate, in the execution of his duty. But the advocates of the martyrs will undoubtedly urge that they were, in fact, put in peril of their lives because they were Catholics; that during their trial the judges and the jury were labouring under so hostile an *animus* that

* *Ibid.*

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anything approaching fair play was practically impossible ; and that having regard to all the surrounding circumstances those who suffered died on account of their religion. The ultimate decision rests with the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

One word in conclusion. This article and the one published in a previous number have been devoted to the martyrs (using that term in its popular sense with no intention of anticipating the judgment of the Holy See) whose case is now being inquired into. But it must never be forgotten that these 252, together with the sixty-three already beatified, are only about half the total number of those who were seized for their faith during those days of persecution : forty-four more have been picked out as candidates for the honours of martyrdom and await the production of further evidence, whilst 242, most of whom died in prison, have been passed over. These 641 were the chiefs: but then came the great body of the faithful, the recusants, who, ground down and oppressed, in ways which may be written about on some future occasion, by their steady perseverance, in unison with the heroic priests who came to their help, kept the Catholic Faith a living thing in this country. But for them England would now be as Norway or Sweden or even as Prussia. *Laudemus viros gloriosos in diebus suis.*

EGERTON BECK.

JOHN VAUGHAN OF COURTFIELD, 1603-1680

[Just a year ago appeared the first instalment of the verse of this ancestor of the Vaughans, of whom there was a vague family tradition that he had translated all Horace, as well as many of the liturgical hymns. Mrs. Vaughan of Courtfield, who has described her pleasure in the discovery of the two faded manuscript-volumes, now extracts further passages that have waited three centuries for the privileges of print.]

My Mistris is soe totall faire,
Spottlesse, vnwrinkled, primely rare,
That her vnerring glorious good
I dare signe with my last deare bloud,
And worlds to worlds t'acquire, wud nere
Myself out of my dear faith sweare . . .

These lines are in a poem which John Vaughan writes “To a Friend that Invited me to his house.” And very acutely did he feel the worldly disadvantages under which he laboured. With quite charming satire he points out, in this same poem, the ludicrous contrast of his friend’s position and his own :

I’m honest, poore and true ;
In that word true, there lurks a mistery,
Wch to vnease would swell an History ;
I’le not clash with you, all the Jarre
Is, that I am law-curst—you blest are . . .
You who in state and person shott-free
These sowre times past, vnpplundred scott-free,
I’ve paid both Scott and Divell Plunder
Yet still am sequestration vnder :
You that can sweare, att home haue cheere in,
I, homelesse range for feare of swearing :
And (certes) it would cost you deere
(Durst any challenge) when you sweare :
I, ’cause I sweare, must pay
Two Thirds of mine Estate away . . .

Eventually he lost the whole of his estate—a considerable portion of it was confiscated while he was in prison—

John Vaughan of Courtfield

which property was situated near Raglan in Monmouthshire. Afterwards he lived with his elder brother, Richard, at Courtfield, and there most of his poems and translations were written.

He continues :

You blow hot broths till coole, to eat 'em
In cold I blow my nailes to heate 'em :
You ieere me 'cause I loose for scruple
I you, that haue and yet loose duple :
You run with Time, Time runs me downe.

It is, doubtless, a slight exaggeration that he is quite without a roof over his head and that he is reduced to blowing on his nails to obtain sufficient warmth—shall we say—to write thus ironically to his friend. But there is no doubt that he was suffering many hardships and humiliations for the sake of being devoted and faithful to his “Mistris Faire,” whom, he assures us often, is the only “Mistris” he ever did or ever will acknowledge. As a fact, he never did marry, but one of his most amusing poems is an indignant refutation of the charge of being a “Woman-Hater.” The poem is of unwieldy length, but it has given me much insight into John Vaughan’s character—his faith, love, and loyalty.

In the “Preface to the Reader” of his translation of Horace, he says : “I am penancet (as some others before me) to stand in a white sheet and lye exposed to others Lashe and Bitings” : and, indeed, I feel in like case as I put forward the suggestion that the following, “An Hymne to God,” is I. V.’s own composition. It certainly flavours very strongly of St. Thomas Aquinas and is amongst the translations, but in every other case the translation is mentioned, so I venture to think I. V. wrote it himself. At the same time I am painfully aware of my shortcomings as regards an intimate acquaintance with Latin hymns, therefore, like John Vaughan, I am quite prepared to receive “others Lashe and Bitings” if the hymn in question is a well-known Latin one. But be it a translation or original, it is undoubtedly a very fine production, clear and concise.

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AN HYMNE TO GOD

Alpha, and Omega, God Ador'd
Heli Thou my God and Lord
Whose pow'r Imence to none can bend,
Whose sense can all things Comprehend,
Whose being is cheefe good of all,
Whose worke what ere we good can call ;
Thou vnder, and above too, art,
Within without and in each part.
Within Thou nere art narrowed,
Without dilated, nor yet spred :
Vnder by nought Thou art restrain'd,
Aboue by nothing art sustaynd.
By Thee vnmov'd the world is rould
Who fillst each place, none Thee can hould.
Thou shiftest times, Thy self nere ranging :
Fixe roving things, Thy self nere changing.
Externall force, nor needfull Lawe
Noe change can on Thy being drawe.
Our day, past, morrowe, longe since, be
As now and then, still one to Thee.
This day, O God, is Thine, still lasting
Vndevided never wasting.
In this Thou didst the whole fortell,
Perfecting Thine owne will as well.
By wch type of Thine high'st Intent
Thou givst forme to the Elements.

The next two hymns I can give without fear of making a mistake and feel quite confident that these three-hundred-year-old translations will be granted the appreciation which is due to them :

A TRANSLATION OF THE SEQUENTIA IN THE FEAST OF PENTECOST

Come Holy Ghost and Dove
Shoothe from thy sphere aboue
Thy lightning darts.

Come Father of the Poore,
Gifts vnexhausted store
Light of our harts.

John Vaughan of Courtfield

Come the best Comforter
Soule's sweete inhabiter
And best refreshment.

In toyle, our ease and rest,
Shade to the heate oprest
Solace in languishment.

O Thou, blest light that art
Fill our harts inmost part
Of vs thy faithfull.

Without thy Deity
All is Impiety
Nought but deceiptfull.

Wash what is sordid found,
Water our parched ground,
Heal what is sautious.

Bend what too rigid is,
Warm what else frigid is,
Rule what is devious.

Graunt vnto faithfull those
Who trust in Thee, repose,
Thy seav'n-fould blessing.

Graunt vertuous that merit
Salvation, t'inherit
Ioy never ceasing.

Amen.

A TRANSLATION OF THE HYMNE STABAT MATER DOLOROSA

Vnder the Crosse wheron was nayld
Her suff'ring Son, the Mother waild
In teares and sorrow mixt.

Whose melting Hart replete with Mones
And overchargd with Sighs and grones
The sword of Greefe transfixt.

John Vaughan of Courtfield

O how dolefull, how distressed
Was the Mother of that Blessed
And sole-begotten Son.

She hartles, faint, afflicted grewe,
She sobd, she languisht at the vewe
Of her deere Son's affliction.

What man though hoopt with ribbs of steele
That could not mutuall sorrow feele
To see her desolation.

Can any vnrelenting hart
Contemplat and not beare a part
In hers and her Son's passion ?

To quitt the score of mans transgression
She saw sweete Jesus in oppression
Of scourges wounds and death.

She saw her deere and only borne
Gasping, throbbing and forlorne
Resigning his last breath.

O deere Mother spring of Love
Lett me the height of sorrow prove
That I pertake thy greefe.

Lett Christ's sole Charity inflame
My stony Hart, whereby the same
May please you both in cheefe.

Mother lett me be dignifyd
To haue the wounds o'th' Crucifyd
Infixt in my hart.

The paines thy Son submitted to,
And for my sins did vndergoe,
To me the cause Impart.

During my life voutchafe mine Eyes
May in thy sorrow sympathize
For thy Son crucifyd;

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Vnder the Crosse soe to vnite
My teares with thine, O that I might
With thee, blest thee abide.

Virgin of Virgins daigne the grace
That mine amongst thy Teares haue place
Nor them repudiate.

Lett me record Christ's Massacre,
Lett my hart beare the Character
Of his stripes, scarrs and fate.

Lett me those very Wounds receaue
Fixt to his Crosse too, let me cleave
For thy Son's love and zeale.

With which Inflamed and wholy fild
Thou Virgin maist appeare my shield
Att the last grand appeale.

The Crosse of Christ be my protection
His pretious Death my best refection
And nourishment God's grace.

When Soule shall quitt my Bodyes station
May it by thy strong mediation
In Paradise haue place.

Amen.

There is an interesting story told by one of the old retainers at Courtfield, who had had the tale handed down to her. Some hundred and fifty years ago a number of men, thirty she was told, had one night broken into Courtfield, and having tied down the master of the house and all his servants, proceeded to ransack the old house. They seized large quantities of plate and silver and were making off. But the leader of the gang could not refrain from stopping to ask the master of the house what was the explanation of the light which was always burning save on this one night. He explained that they came all the way from Birmingham to the Forest of Dean, the other side of the river, with the intent to come over and

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rob him, as it was well known that he had much valuable plate and silver. They had, however, been obliged to wait for five nights, as when darkness descended on the country and they were preparing for their attack, they were deterred by a red light which shone out through the surrounding darkness, and they thus imagined there must be people about all night. But on the sixth night there was no light burning; they therefore took the opportunity and came over with the afore-mentioned result. The light was the Sanctuary lamp which by some oversight had been allowed to go out that fatal night. The master of the house must have ruefully reflected that he had a big penalty to pay, even in this world, for carelessness in minding the things of the Lord! The story relates that the men got away with their spoil, and there being no telephones nor telegrams in those days, all the silver was melted before the gang was apprehended.

John Vaughan was the great-great-uncle of that somewhat unfortunate master of the house, and he in his day, no doubt, frequently tended the Sanctuary lamp, let us hope with better success. In his declining years he never left Courtfield and spent much time in writing about the Blessed Sacrament and in translating the works of St. Thomas Aquinas. These two concluding hymns he used for his own devotions:

AT THE ELEVATION

Hayle Jesus living Flesh, that came
From Mary's sacred Wombe, the same
Crosse-offred Sacrifice,
And our Redemption's price.
From whose blest Side
Transfixt, did glide
That pretious Bloud and water Bath
That clensd vs, erst the Sons of Wrath.

Our Fayth, through this Vaile, though not Eyes,
Thy Godhead vniimpaird discryes.

Jesu Thy Mercy be
Our Soules Indemnity,

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Thy Flesh our Food
Our drinke Thy Bloud,
That we with Thee fed, when we dye
Live with Thee to Eternity.

ATT THE BENEDICTION

The A^Eternal Word that quitt Heaven's throne
His flock to owne,
And lost vs to restore.

Taking from Virgin Flesh wch we
Thus vaild doe see
And prostrate doe adore.

The Father, Holy Ghost and Son
Though Three yet One,
Be honr'd and persever
By vs renowned, magnify'd
And glorify'd,
Still blest and blesse vs ever.

ON A RE-READING OF CARLYLE'S *CROMWELL*

I HAVE lately read again Carlyle's book called *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*. It satisfied me less than when I first read it in undergraduate days at Cambridge, a time when the authority of Carlyle was greater than during most of his own life, or than it now seems to be. I have also re-perused some other books dealing with the same period, especially those by two excellent historians, the German, Ranke, and the Frenchman, Guizot. A foreigner can look more coldly-wise on our internal history than can most Englishmen. Party feelings insidiously affect our views of the Past. We are Conservatives or Catholics, and take the royalist side in the Seventeenth Century, or we are Liberals, and take the parliament side, or, like Carlyle, we are Puritans, of a modern kind, and see past events, different though we are from the old Puritans, with eyes akin to theirs. I have also consulted books of co-temporaries, such as Lord Clarendon and Bishop Burnet, one a Tory, the other a Whig, the Memoir of the Puritan and Republican Colonel Hutchinson, and others.

I still admire Carlyle. His true intent was to give an exact representation of facts as they really and essentially were, in order to teach men to do right in the Present. He would have agreed with my Cambridge teacher, Sir John Seeley, who held that history, as an end in itself, is good for little, and that its value is to show men how rightly to act in the present time. Seeley used to say that "politics apart from history are rootless, and history apart from politics is fruitless." Too sweeping a generalization, but worth bearing in mind. Carlyle had an uncommonly powerful historical imagination. This may sometimes have led him astray, but it makes his portrayal of events and personalities wonderfully vivid. Did anyone ever give battle scenes so well as his of Marston Moor, Naseby, and Dunbar? He invented the art of

Carlyle's "Cromwell"

writing history not in the past tense but in the present, so that the historian seems to be an actual spectator present at the things related, and carries his reader with him. His sympathies are as much limited as would have been those of an actor in those events. A wise man said that the issues in history have not been struggles between Right and Wrong, but between Right and Right, and this, though it is never manifest at the time, should be manifest to the later historian. But with Carlyle, as with Macaulay, it is always a contest between Right and Wrong, though the two writers are oceanically divided in their ideas. This gives vivacity and force to the writings of both. A judicial mind, like Ranke, as compared, say, with a partisan like Mommsen, must always seem cold. Yet, if we desire the reality of things, the judicial writer is a necessary corrective to the advocate. What we can say of history is that one side in a conflict is more than another on the line of the future, though the issue is usually more or less in the nature of a resultant of conflicting forces.

Carlyle's Cromwell book is, I think, the best he ever wrote. His *French Revolution* was a brilliant coruscation, but he did not know the French character as he knew the English and Scottish, and, for his way of writing history, knowledge of character is all important. His *Frederick of Prussia* is the weary work of old age, and is, I think, a tragic waste of the work of many years. He was at the height of his manhood when the *Cromwell* was published in 1845.

As to the subject—Oliver Cromwell—he was, doubtless, a very great soldier and statesman. Bismarck, who like Cromwell and Carlyle, was contemptuous of Parliamentarism, built by blood and iron the German Reich. Cromwell, by blood and iron, fused into legislative and administrative unity the three kingdoms. His work in this respect was before the time; it was undone at the Restoration, restored under Queen Anne and George III, and two years ago, as to Ireland, was undone again. How finely Andrew Marvell, in the *Horatian Ode*—one of the most effective and memory-haunting of poems—

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says of Cromwell, and he wrote this poem in 1649 or 1650, before Cromwell became Protector :

'Tis madness to resist or blame
The face of angry Heaven's flame.
And, if we would speak true,
Much to the man is due,
Who from his private gardens, where
He lived reserved and austere,
As if his highest lot
To plant the bergamot,
Could by industrious valour climb
To ruin the great work of time,
And cast the kingdoms old
Into another mould.
Though Justice against Fate complain
And plead the ancient rights in vain,
But these do hold or break
As men are strong or weak.

A noble and, I think, true expression of Fate against Justice. Now let me try to sum up a general impression of Carlyle's picture of Cromwell.

Behold a man bred in the rural lonelinesses and solitudes of those flat eastern counties, only embellished by their wide sky horizons, occupied almost till the wars began with local business, hardly any education except a year or two as an undergraduate at Cambridge. His soul is occupied early in life by a strong Calvinistic faith, and an aversion to set rites and ecclesiastical forms. He is sent up to the Short Parliament which preceded the eleven years' non-Parliamentary government of Charles I, and again to the Long Parliament. When he is about forty years old the Civil War begins, and he throws himself into it heart and soul, and, by decision and force of character, cuts his way at last to the supreme command. Borne on by the tide of events, he overthrows vain and empty talkers and theoreticians and becomes Dictator of England, Scotland and Ireland. Absolutely sincere in all his actions, believing that he was doing the work of God, with no personal ambition, but simply anxious to raise the moral and spiritual level of his country, sur-

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rounded and assailed by continual royalist and republican conspiracies, he carries on the government as best he can, with heroic patience and endurance, and after a few heroic years, worn out by his task, he dies a God-fearing death, and leaves his country a prey to the corrupt forces which he had held in check.

Carlyle has done much service to Cromwell's memory, and has modified a too absolute, adverse conception of him which governed earlier historians. All the same, there is always some ground for a popular conception. No smoke quite without fire. To the royalists of his own time, Cromwell seemed a religious hypocrite and a crafty, unscrupulous dissembler. He appeared in the same light to republicans like Colonel Hutchinson, who knew him personally, and to his wife, who wrote the Colonel's Memoir. The traditional feeling about Cromwell was that he was a man of great force of character who made his way to supreme power by dubious methods, and rather made use of religion than was governed by it, but when in power, so acted as to exalt mightily England among the nations, and, in this way, presented a very favourable contrast both to the earlier and to the later Stuarts. It seems to me that the traditional, unwritten conception of historical characters, formed during their lifetime and handed down from father to son, in nurseries and schoolrooms, can never be entirely wrong. Quite apart from books and histories there is such a conception of people like Richard III, Henry VIII, Elizabeth, Charles I, and the rest. Such conceptions contain always much that can be shown to be erroneous or exaggerated, but are never, I believe, wholly devoid of truth. But Carlyle recognizes no truth at all in the traditional conception, and excludes, or touches far too lightly, the historical evidence which tends in some degree to confirm it. His portrait of Cromwell is like those, which, in another sphere of art, Vandyke painted of Charles I, idealizing rather than exactly portraying. If Carlyle had himself taken an active part in politics or administration, he would have known that perfection

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of character and action is hardly possible in that realm of the "second best," as Lord Morley once called it.

I will give a few instances to support the view that Carlyle does not give one side of the picture quite faithfully. Cromwell's proceedings with regard to the captive King, Charles I, during the year or two which preceded his execution, seem to have rather the character of those of a politician aiming at power, than those of an entirely straight-forward and God-fearing hero. Charles, after having been sold by the Scots to the English Parliament, had been violently taken possession of by the leaders of the English army, among whom Lieut.-General Cromwell was the most moving spirit. The army came into the most hostile relations, over questions of pay and demobilization, with the civilian leaders in Parliament, and Cromwell and his friends were certainly disposed, if they could get him on their own terms, to play the King against these civilians. These attempts failed because Charles, always royally sanguine, was trying to play his own game of setting the army against the Parliament in the hope that without making any concessions about the Church or about royal power, he might come once more with free hands into his own. Then, for some dark reasons never quite explained, Cromwell wished to make the King escape from Hampton Court, and perhaps wished him to leave England, a design, if so, thwarted by the blundering of John Ashburnham, and the fact that Colonel Robert Hammond, commanding in the Isle of Wight, was not in Cromwell's secret. Or, perhaps, he wished to make the King's flight a reason for treating him, when captured, more sternly. Then the renewed Civil War in 1648 took place, and after that, the civilian leaders, in mortal fear of the Army, tried to restore the King, almost without concessions. Then Cromwell followed, rather, perhaps, than led, the sentiments of the army extremists and fanatics, converted by military force the minority in the House of Commons into a majority, and took a leading part in the trial and execution of Charles. In all this business there appears a mystery which has never received

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a satisfactory explanation. Carlyle hardly attempts to explain the proceedings at Hampton Court. He does not quote the stanza in Marvell's *Horatian Ode* which says:

What field of all the Civil War
Where his were not the deepest scar,
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art,
Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope,
That Charles himself might chase
To Carisbrook's narrow case.
That thence the royal actor borne
The tragic scaffold might adorn,
While round the armed bands
Might clap their bloody hands.

Now Andrew Marvell was not only an imaginative poet. He was, at a later time, together with John Milton, on Cromwell's secretarial staff, and must have known a good deal about what had happened as a basis for his impression.

Another point is that of Cromwell's dealings with regard to Catholics. Carlyle represents him as being a stern and absolute enemy to Catholicism as embodied in the Church of Rome, which is, in Carlyle's own utterly mistaken view, a Lie or Falsehood incarnate, or a chimæra, as he would say, antagonistic to all the eternal verities. Now one can quote passages enough from Cromwell's speeches in support of this assertion. More than once he announced that he was in favour of toleration to men of all religions, *except* to the "Papists," and thus he played to the fanaticism of his Puritan crowd and soldiers, and, perhaps, expressed truly one side of his own confused and ambiguous mind. But what went on behind the scenes? On this matter later revelations made by the publication of French historical state papers are significant.

From the autumn of 1651 to the spring of 1653, after the "crowning mercy" of the Worcester victory, Cromwell lived in London as a member of what was left

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of the House of Commons. He was also Commander-in-Chief of the army, but not what we should now call a member of the Government. The committee which governed the country, strong Republicans, jealously excluded him from their councils. Abroad the kingdoms of France and Spain were in their then chronic condition of hostility, and each Power was anxious to gain the alliance, or at least to secure the benevolent neutrality, of England, since the English Government now, for the first time, possessed a strong standing army and a formidable fleet. The agents in England of the two Powers were busily engaged in trying to buy, in hard cash, the support of leading men, or of men who might become leading. France was governed by the Roman Cardinal, Mazarin, the Minister of the boy king, Louis XIV. M. de Bordeaux, the clever French representative in England, fully recognized the importance of Cromwell. On April 20th, 1653, Cromwell struck his decisive blow and dissolved the Parliament by military force. Soon after that, by Bordeaux's advice, Cardinal Mazarin wrote a private, unofficial letter to Cromwell to assure him of his goodwill. Cromwell replied in a letter which was certainly a strange affectation of humility, since, though not yet declared Protector, he had really been for the last two months undoubtedly at the head of affairs. It is dated June 9th, 1653, and runs :

It's surprise to me that Your Excellency should take notice of a person so inconsiderable as myself, living (as it were) separate from the world. This honour has done (as it ought) a very deep impression on me, and does oblige me to serve Your Eminency upon all occasions, so as I shall be happy to find out. So, I trust, that very honourable person Monsieur Burdoe will therein be helpful to Your Eminence's thrice humble servant, Oliver Cromwell.

Is not this illiterate letter—he could not even spell Bordeaux's name correctly—to a Roman Cardinal rather a curious production of the stern and unbending Puritan hero depicted by Carlyle? What did he mean—the man who had just taken violent possession of supreme power—

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by calling himself "inconsiderable" and as "living separate from the world"? And what, then, induced him to promise to serve the Cardinal upon all occasions?

Next, I call attention to the correspondence of Cromwell with Mazarin in the summer of 1655 on the matter of the persecution by the Duke of Savoy of the Protestant Vaudois people. These cruelties, which provoked Milton's magnificent sonnet, "Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints," excited much feeling in England, and Oliver Cromwell, the Protector, shared this, no doubt, and, still more, as head of the Government felt that he must do something to meet and satisfy it. But the army and fleet of England could not invade inland Savoy. It was in the year 1655 and England was now in alliance with France, though the formal treaty had not been yet completed. So Cromwell wrote officially to the French King to request him to put pressure on the Duke of Savoy with a view to the discontinuance of the persecution, and unofficially to Mazarin to the same effect. The French envoy, de Bordeaux, wrote at the same time to his official chief at Paris that :

The Protector seems to have the desire to appear very zealous for the cause of the Protestants; this reputation is necessary to him with those who maintain his government, and the ministers of foreign States who are of the same profession of faith have flattered him enough to make his ambition grow of passing for their protector, and induce him to defer the signature of the treaty with France on the one pretext of religion, although those who scrutinize nearly his conduct, since the power of England has fallen into his hands, can easily recognize that he has had motives other than religion, none the less many are persuaded of it, and he omits nothing to give this impression to the people.

Cardinal Mazarin did all that he could to meet Cromwell's wishes with respect to this Vaudois business. In the negotiations for the alliance Mazarin had already promised that his King would always treat well his own subjects of what he called the "religion pretended reformed," that is, the Huguenot French Protestants, and, in fact, they were then, and till the revocation of the

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Edict of Nantes in 1682, much better treated in France than were the Catholics in England. But, privately, Mazarin pressed Cromwell for some reciprocity, since this, if obtained, would render more easy his task of preserving the *entente cordiale* in France. He seems to have asked Cromwell to do something publicly to extend toleration for their worship to the English Catholics, and alleviate the penal laws which oppressed them. Cromwell replied to this in a letter of a private and unofficial kind which bears the strong stamp of his own individuality. It is dated, Whitehall, December 26th, 1656 :

The obligations and many instances of affection, which I have received from Your Eminency, do engage me to make returns suitable to your merits. But although I have this set home upon my spirit, I may not (shall I tell you I cannot) at this juncture of time, and as the face of my affairs now stands, answer to your call for Toleration. I say I cannot, as to a public Declaration of my sense in that point ; although I believe that under my Government your Eminency, in the behalf of Catholics, has less reason for complaint than under the Parliament. For I have of some and those very many, had compassion ; making a difference. Truly I have (and I may speak it with cheerfulness in the presence of God, who is a witness within me to the truth of what I affirm) made a difference ; and as Jude speaks, "plucked many out of the fire," the raging fire of persecution, which did tyrannize over their consciences, and encroached by an arbitrariness of power upon their estates. And herein it is my purpose, as soon as I can remove impediments, and some weights that press me down, to make a further progress and discharge my promise to Your Eminency in relation to that.

It will be noticed that Cromwell here uses the word Catholics. In his English speeches and letters he invariably calls them Papists.

This is not the letter of a man who was the sincere and burning anti-Catholic that he wished to appear in his public speeches, especially when, for political reasons, he wished to make war against Catholic Spain. The truth is that Cromwell was one of those Radicals who, when they have attained power, become strong upholders of law and order. He sympathized, as Protector, with those

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civilians and lawyers who wished him to re-establish the monarchy in his own person and those of his heirs, as a new dynasty, and did his best to bring the army leaders to assent to this proposal. Here he failed, owing chiefly to the self-destroying stupidity of two general officers closely connected with him, Desborough and Fleetwood, and was obliged to refuse the formal offer of the Crown, made by his somewhat packed Parliament, with an air of indifference to the honour. But, in accordance with this general tendency and disposition he was anxious to rally to his person as many as possible of his old antagonists, the royalist Anglicans and the Catholics.* In the same way Napoleon, when he had achieved power, wished to rally men of the *ancien régime*. After all, Cromwell was, at bottom, a country gentleman of well-established family, the elder branch of which was strongly royalist, and underlying his Calvinism were the feelings natural to his social class.

Catholics were of importance from Cromwell's new point of view because they were then a larger section of the English aristocratic world than they became in the Eighteenth Century, after being crushed so long by the Test Acts and by special taxation, an effective, cold-blooded persecution, more damaging than the earlier martyrdoms. It is true that Cromwell, when he came into power, did protect their priests from the death penalties, which were so frequently enforced under Elizabeth and James I. Only one priest suffered death under Cromwell, the aged Father Southworth, executed in 1654, the last in England who was put to death for saying Mass under the old penal laws. Charles I had protected them while he had the power to do so, but when he lost it in London and elsewhere in 1641 and 1642, several priests, Jesuits and others, were hung, drawn and quartered for the treasonable offence of saying Mass. It

* Cromwell regarded the abominably treated Irish Catholics in a very different light from the English ones. Like most Englishmen of his own and other times, he thought of them not so much as "Papists" as wild Irish, whose land might be confiscated, or themselves made serfs in favour of Puritan soldiers and concessionaires.

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probably occurred to Cromwell that by leaving the penal laws in force but quietly preventing in individual cases their more serious application, he could secure the support of Roman Catholics as against his Republican foes. One of them, the celebrated Sir Kenelm Digby, was rather a friend of his. He wished to rally the Anglican aristocracy also.

Carlyle does not see, or at any rate say, that there was anything immoral or contrary to true religion in Cromwell's foreign policy. Of course, in this region of things the ideas of that time were different from ours. It seems to have shocked or surprised no one that Cromwell, after balancing some time between an alliance with France and one with Spain, both of which were anxiously offered to him, decided upon the former, and then, in a state of peace, while the Spanish Government was still wooing his friendship, secretly fitted out a fleet, and sent it without declaration of war, in order to take the Spaniards by surprise, to seize some of their West Indian islands, while other ships were sent to capture their treasure at sea. But since he did this in order to increase his home reputation and, if possible, replenish the treasury, he need not have informed Parliament that his reasons were that Spain was so absolutely adherent to the See of Rome, more than France, and had an Inquisition. Suddenly to attack, without a concrete cause, a Power which is at the moment asking for friendship and alliance, is what would now be called a Hunnish proceeding, and should not have been justified by an appeal to the sentiment of religion. In those days no one required great moral reasons to justify a war, as they do now; but this procedure was impious. However, the ultimate result of actions, in themselves apparently unjust, does not always seem to be bad. The result of Cromwell's action was that Jamaica, the very first stone of the modern British Colonial Empire, was annexed, for a long time was very profitable under the slave system, and, on the whole, has been much better governed than if the Spaniards had kept it. Cromwell also, by his protective Navigation Act,

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founded the British Marine, and won the carrying trade at the expense of our Dutch Protestant rivals, and altogether made England play a far larger part in European affairs than at any time during the Seventeenth Century, until the last decade under William of Orange. Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, the sister of Charles I, said, in one of her letters, that Cromwell must be the Beast of the Revelation, because all nations bowed down and adored him.

Cromwell was, perhaps, better understood by those foreigners who simply saw in him a formidably practical and mundane statesman, than by those who had to deal with him at home, where he had his religious reputation to maintain. One man, after an interview of an hour, during which Cromwell did most of the talking, said that he had gone away without the slightest idea of what his Highness really meant. Major-General Lambert, who was in the room, went asleep in his chair while Cromwell was speaking. Waller, the poet, who was some kind of a cousin of Cromwell, relates that he once came into the room and found Cromwell haranguing a deputation in high Biblical language. When they left and the door was closed, Cromwell said: "You see, Cousin, I must talk to these men in their own language." This tale rests only upon the word of a poet and a cousin. I think, however, that Carlyle, while justified perhaps in omitting this, ought to have given a story which appears in a Memoir of Lord Ossory, and also in Bishop Burnet's history of his own time. Lord Ossory himself told the story to the Bishop.

But I should first point out that when Cromwell stepped into the place of Charles I, he also stepped into the difficulties which had ruined that King. The artful political expedient had not yet been invented by which, while the dignity of the throne is vested in the King, all the power and responsibility has been transferred to the Ministers. Cromwell, like Charles, was placed in a position where he was really responsible for the government, yet could not resign, and could never obtain a lasting

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majority in the House of Commons. He was also in a national minority and could not offend the army, his ultimate support. His difficulties came to a crisis in the year of the question of the Crown, and, sick of the whole business, and always in danger of assassination by some fanatic royalist or republican, he may well have thought at times that the best way out of it would be to restore the exiled Prince and make his peace with Heaven before he died. Clarendon says in his history :

It was observed that, in Cromwell's last year, although everything seemed to be going well for him both at home and abroad, yet he never had the same serenity of mind he had been used to, after he had refused the crown ; but was out of countenance, as if he were conscious of not having been true to himself and much more apprehensive of danger to his person than he used to be. He was not easy of access, nor so much seen abroad ; and seemed to be in some disorder, when his eyes found any stranger in the room, upon whom they were still fixed. When he intended to go to Hampton Court, it was never known, till he was in the coach, which way he would go, and he was still hemmed in by his guards both before and behind, and the coach in which he went was always thronged as full as it could be by his servants, who were armed, and he seldom returned the same way he went, and rarely lodged two nights together in the one chamber, but had many furnished and prepared, to which his own key conveyed him when he had a mind to go to bed.

Evidently he feared the fate of another great soldier of his century, Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland. Clarendon adds that this was the more noticed because Cromwell had not formerly taken all these precautions.

In this situation the story of Lord Ossery becomes very intelligible. His title at that time was Lord Broghill.

He was in 1656 more or less in the service of Cromwell and very intimate with him, used to be one of his evening smoking parties with Thurloe and two or three others. But Broghill was also in favour with the exiled Court with whom, as Cromwell probably knew, he corresponded. He suggested to that Court the possibility that Cromwell might be induced to restore Charles II if the latter would promise to marry his youngest and still

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unmarried daughter, Frances, as a pledge of her father's security and dignity. Broghill received a cautiously favourable reply from the Court, and then mentioned the idea to Cromwell's wife and daughter, who liked it very well. Then one day Lord Broghill called to see the Protector, who asked him "Where he had been," and then "What news there was?" Lord Broghill replied "Very strange news," and, when Cromwell had promised not to be offended, said, in rather a jesting tone, that it was rumoured that he was going to marry his daughter Frances to the King. Cromwell said, with a laugh, "And what do the fools say about it?" "All like it," said Lord Broghill, "and think it the wisest thing you could do, if you could accomplish it." "And do you believe so too?" answered Cromwell, pausing, and when Broghill said he did, the Protector resumed his walk to and fro in the room with his hands behind him for some time, and then asked, "What reason have you for your opinion?" Lord Broghill reminded him how little he could confide in his own party, that even if he could keep his position for life he would not be able to transmit it to his descendants, and that, on the other hand, the exiled King, to obtain restoration, would leave him in command of the army or give him any other terms. The loyalists would support this, and by his daughter's marriage he would strengthen his interest, and might probably have a grandson who would succeed to the throne.

Cromwell listened to all this with deep attention, went on pacing the room for a few minutes in silence, and then said, "The King will never forgive me the death of his father." Lord Broghill said that the King's sentiments might be ascertained beforehand, and offered himself as mediator for that purpose. He also said that Cromwell was but one in the execution of the late King, but that he would have the sole merit in restoring the present. But Cromwell repeated still more emphatically, "The King cannot, and will not, forgive the death of his father," and added: "Beside, he is so damnably debauched that he will ruin us all," and

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positively refused assent. Cromwell's wife and daughter afterwards tried to get it, but all in vain. Frances, who was only seventeen, a few months later married Lord Rich, son of the Earl of Warwick, and had to abandon the dream of becoming a queen.

Now this is a curious and very well-vouched story, and I think that Carlyle should at least have mentioned it. Probably his reason for passing it over in silence was that it a little mars his picture of the Puritan hero incapable, *upon principle*, of ever contemplating the return to England of the unspeakable chimera of Stuart monarchy. I feel sure that he did consider this as a possible outlet from his dangers and difficulties, but he must have felt that he could not secure for it the support of his army, which had already prevented him from assuming the Crown himself.

Cromwell's daughters, by the way, were Anglican, almost High Church, in their views or tastes, and preferred Cavalier society to that of the Puritans. None of the three girls would have thought her marriage good if it had not been celebrated by a priest in Anglican orders, after the official ceremony had been performed by one of Cromwell's Calvinist chaplains. When his daughter Mary married Lord Faulconbridge, the second, and secret, ceremony was performed by a Dr. Hewitt, and Cromwell himself had consented to this on account, he said, of the foolish importunity of his daughter. "More than this, Dr. Hewitt secretly carried on in Cromwell's own house the Anglican cult for the benefit of the ladies of the family. In Cromwell's last three months of life, 1658, there must have been painful family scenes, because Dr. Hewitt was arrested for collusion with Sir Henry Slingsby's royalist conspiracy, and for having had correspondence with Charles II through Lord Ormonde. He was condemned, and actually beheaded at the Tower. John Evelyn says that he was "an excellent preacher and a holy man." In the French State papers there is a letter which Cromwell's favourite daughter, Lady Claypole, wrote to the French Ambassador in London pressing him

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to use influence with her father to spare Hewitt's life—all in vain.

Bishop Burnet in some respects highly praises Cromwell, especially for his tolerance to good men of other religious views, in which he differed favourably from both the Tories and the Whigs of the later Revolution, but he says that "the enthusiast and the dissembler mixed so equally in a great part of his deportment that it was not easy to tell which was the prevailing character." He was indeed both, adds the Bishop :

As I understood from Wilkins and Tillotson, the one having married his sister and the other his niece. He was a true enthusiast, but with the principle from which he might be easily led into all the practices both of falsehood and cruelty, which was, that he thought that moral laws were only binding on ordinary occasions, but that, upon extraordinary ones, these might be superseded. When his own designs did not lead him out of the way, he was a lover of justice and virtue, and even of learning, though much decried at that time.

Mrs. Hutchinson says that her husband, who knew him well, while he acknowledged his force of character, thought him a deep dissembler.

Cromwell was in an extraordinarily difficult political position, in which it was hard not to dissemble, but there is something more in it than that, something in his own composition. The evidence which I have quoted and other things suggest that Cromwell was not the man all of one piece so eloquently portrayed by Thomas Carlyle. Someone has said, "There is nothing so difficult as for a man to be himself." This is more true of some men than of others. Some men do seem to have simple internal unity ; others seem to contain several different and conflicting selves. Shakespeare marks this in his characters. On the one side, e.g., are Othello, Laertes, Bolingbroke, Octavius, Cæsar, Richard III, Cassius, on the other Hamlet, Macbeth, Mark Antony, Brutus, Richard II. One reason, perhaps, may be that one man is a blend of very similar races, is what breeders call pure-bred, while another is a blend of very different and conflicting races.

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“Race is everything,” Disraeli makes a wise man say in one of his novels. A man whose blood is blended out of very different stocks is usually more clever and fertile in ideas than a man whose ancestors and ancestresses have for hundreds of years intermarried within a region twenty miles square, but he will also probably have conflicting sides to his character, and his actions will be wanting in moral consistency.

Now Cromwell’s pedigree was one of the mixed kind. His mother was Elizabeth Stewart, of Scottish Highland descent. The mother of Charles Parnell also belonged to the Stewart clan, and, by the way, both these illustrious rebels were Cambridge men. The Cromwells were of English race, but then Oliver was only a Cromwell by female descent. His real name was Oliver Williams, and he was by paternal descent a Welshman. Cromwell’s great-grandfather, by name Williams, came out of his native country near Cardiff, and married a niece, and assumed the family name, of Thomas Cromwell, the man of plebeian origin and infamous reputation, who served Henry VIII (until that tyrant took his head off) in the breach with Rome, and in the biggest “steal,” as Americans would say, in English history, the plunder of the monastic houses. The now so-called Cromwells were one of the new-rich families founded upon this booty, and became large East Anglian landowners. The descendants of the marriage, Oliver’s grandfather and father, signed themselves in legal documents “Cromwell *alias* Williams,” and so the Welsh name was gradually discarded.

Thus Oliver Cromwell was a blend of the Welsh Gael, the Saxon, the Scottish Highlander. To the various elements in this compound may be due the aspects which alternately, or at the same time, showed themselves, the sincere religious enthusiast, the crafty politician, the practical man of affairs and administration, the kind-hearted husband and father, the stern suppressor of enemies and rivals. If asked for a modern parallel, I should reverently point to Gladstone, the great Glad-

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stone. Little is known of his ancestry, but he certainly came from a blend of Saxon and Gaelic races. Gladstone, like Oliver Cromwell, was a perpetual puzzle throughout his life to friend and foe. If someone put together, without comment, all the views of Gladstone which are contained in the copious political, social and ecclesiastical memoirs of the Nineteenth Century, the result would show a singular concordance in this, that no one could ever clearly understand Gladstone's thoughts or reconcile harmoniously his words with his actions.

In order to balance Carlyle's unbounded hero-worship of Cromwell, consider the character drawn by Clarendon, a political opponent, but never a man blinded by hatred or passion. He says of Cromwell :

He was one of those men whom his very enemies could not condemn without commanding him at the same time ; for he could never have done half that mischief without great parts of courage, industry, and judgment. He must have had a wonderful understanding in the natures and humours of men, and as great dexterity in applying them, who, from a private and obscure birth, though of a good family, without interest or estate, alliance or friendship, could raise himself to such a height, and compound and knead such opposite and contradictory tempers, humours, and interests, into a consistence that contributed to his designs and to their own destruction.

Clarendon then adds, after quoting a line from one of his favourite Latin authors, that Cromwell

attempted those things which no good man durst have ventured on, and achieved those in which none but a valiant and great man could have succeeded. Without doubt, no man with more wickedness ever attempted any thing, or brought to pass what he desired more wickedly, more in the face and contempt of religion and moral honesty, yet wickedness so great as his could never have accomplished those designs without the assistance of a great spirit, an admirable circumspection, and a most magnanimous resolution.

Cromwell was a Calvinist and a fatalist. His own account of himself, in his speeches, is that, without any formed or fixed design, he had been led by the hand of God by cir-

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cumstances, as the moderns would say, to take each successive step in his career. Once he said: "No man goes so far as the man who does not know where he is going." Since it is true of most men that they follow the lead of events rather than any fixed design, we may well believe that Cromwell spoke sincerely and truly. What is it that actually guides the course of any man? Fate, or Chance, or the Will of God?

Cromwell attempted things which no good man durst have ventured on, says Clarendon, and attributes to him a wicked design, magnificently carried into effect. But what is a good man? By force of the energy in him, Cromwell felt himself driven to take in a troubled time supreme control, and make and keep peace in a distracted land. Of course, it was to him, as to all strong men, a pleasure to do so. But this is not a sphere in which a saintly character can live, or saintly means be effective. Cromwell does not seem to have pretended to be a saint, at least among his intimates. As for the language which he used in public, it was, I think, partly the expression of his real feeling, and partly a language in terms of religion corresponding to that, in other terms, which statesmen now use for public and official purposes. It is difficult for us, also, to place ourselves in the mind-state of a man who did accept every word of the Bible as literally inspired and applicable to present affairs.

Carlyle nobly narrates the last hours of the stormy life of Oliver Cromwell, but he omits one touching detail. The day before Cromwell died, September 2nd, 1658, he said to one of his chaplains, sitting by the bed, "Tell me, is it possible to fall from the state of grace?" The chaplain replied, "It is not possible." "Then I am at peace," said Cromwell, "for I know that I have once been in a state of grace." When was that? Was it in the far-off days, when he lived quietly at Huntingdon or Ely, minding his own or local affairs? It was a strange road of life, and he had travelled far indeed.

BERNARD HOLLAND.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

WE cannot say that Mrs. Bellamy Storer has been perfectly discreet in printing even for private circulation a number of intimate letters of Archbishop John Ireland of St. Paul in the volume she dedicates *In Memoriam Bellamy Storer*, and enlivens with reminiscences of Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt (Merry-mount Press, Boston). The letters cast a fascinating light on the great Archbishop in his heyday of power, when he used to walk in and out of the White House and initiate American policy in the Philippines, or show Catholics that they could vote Republican as well as Democrat. They cast a much more lurid light on Roosevelt, and Mrs. Storer answers the very contemptuous and impertinent paragraph in Mr. Bishop's *Life of Roosevelt* concerning her well-meant attempts to procure the Archbishop his well-merited Red Hat. Roosevelt both by word and letter tried to advance Ireland's Cardinalate, but at the last moment suddenly recommended Archbishop Farley as well. No doubt Rome was puzzled, and the idea of two American Cardinals at one Consistory roused, we are told, derision in the Secretary of State, with the result that none was appointed in 1905, and only in 1911 New York and Boston received the Red Hat, leaving Ireland as he was. These letters explain a great deal of what passed behind the scenes. They show the petulance and fury of Roosevelt when he found that the Vatican had disregarded his request, for he immediately called on the Bellamy Storers to furnish him with a denial that he had ever made it. They refused, and Mr. Storer was recalled from the Embassy at Vienna on technical grounds. Archbishop Ireland was such a man as friends loved to be sacrificed for, and, now that all is remote and that Mrs. Storer alone survives from the broil, she enjoys placing herself and her acts on record. It is obvious that the great Archbishop suffered from the last infirmity of noble minds and lent himself to the plans of the Storers for advancing his candidature. The Cardinalate is a dignity,

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sublime indeed, but not the plenitude of the priesthood or like the episcopal office. Requests for the Red Hat, whether made by the heads of Catholic or Protestant States or pressed by diplomatists, are perfectly in order; and, while considered strictly within the realm of ecclesiastical politics, must be liable to currents of human ambition. Rulers are ambitious that subjects should win the Red Hat. Dioceses are ambitious on behalf of their Metropolitans; and groups of laity will leave nothing undone to bring the great honour to a beloved prelate. We can then understand Archbishop Ireland's amused gratitude to the Bellamy Storers, when he wrote, "All that you write is romance-like, intensely interesting. Pope, President, Cardinals, Ambassadors, publicists, all move before one's eyes directed from Vienna, and kept by Vienna each one closely to his part. A pity it were for the *dénouement* if the end were not secured."

At the back of the letters move the great figures of Cardinals Rampolla and Merry Del Val, neither of whom seems to have favoured Ireland's candidature as much as their Papal masters. Thanks to Cardinal Satolli, America's importance was beginning to be understood at Rome. Archbishop Ireland's great value was that at whatever cost to himself he made the States and the Holy See know each other. He persuaded Roosevelt to send Taft to negotiate the Philippine policy at Rome, writing, "I have had a very long talk with Taft in his office. He is delightful. He understands Church affairs wonderfully well, is proud of being *persona grata* in Rome."

During twenty years Ireland was the great pioneer and initiator; and Americans imagined in him a Catholicism which they thought they could more readily reconcile with American standards. This, openly trumpeted in the Press, led naturally to misunderstandings. Ireland found himself in the position that any statement he made was accorded a featured place on the Press. He was a warrior, and, as another bishop called him, "a consecrated blizzard." Entertaining and indiscreet as his correspondence seems to

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have been, we cannot but regret that he did not live to attain the great prize. "Two months before the Armistice, Archbishop Ireland died, and the avowed intention of the Holy Father could never be carried out," concludes Mrs. Storer. "When my husband and I had audience with Benedict XV on December 5th, 1921, the Holy Father expressed his sorrow that so great a servant of the Church had passed away. Then looking upward he said, 'Oui il est mort mais au Ciel il nous aide encore.' Never shall I forget his look and tone. Six weeks later the Holy Father was called to his reward." S. L.

MR. CHESTERTON in his *St. Francis of Assisi* (Hodder and Stoughton) has provided the Recreation-room with an ideal volume. Recreation is no trivial thing—it is a new creating ; and the volume plays up to the heights of the regenerating word. It is not "a popular biography of St. Francis," as one of the advertisements declares ; the day on which you read it is a palmy day that has no dates, not even that of the Saint's birth ; and it may not be exactly the book best suited to "The People's Library," the series to which it belongs, and which is designed "to satisfy that ever increasing demand for knowledge which is one of the happiest characteristics of our time." R. L. Stevenson insists that "the true business of literature is with narrative." And he proceeds : "Dry precept and disembodied disquisition, as they can only be read with an effort of abstraction, can never convey a perfectly complete or a perfectly natural impression. Hence good biographies are not only far more entertaining, but far more edifying, than books of theory or precept." All that may be ; but the reader of Mr. Chesterton the Commentator must come to him already seized of a knowledge of the Saint's history, as presumably nearly every reader will. The Saint's story is a simplicity to be told in few words ; it is not "history" in the sense of all the complicated records of the unblessed complicated lives that make the biographical literature of to-day ; it is the pure

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romance that all his simple sayings and doings made it. In him had realism and imagination their glorious mating. His spirit is still a challenge to the world—and to all of us; and Mr. Chesterton is the one living layman to whom we turn for a “disquisition” which, in his case, can never be “dry.”

Mr. Chesterton, very properly a man of his time, if there ever was one, is also a man of the Middle Ages. He speaks of “the mighty civilization” of the world into which Francis came, and follows this up in a sentence which is as pregnant as it is characteristic:

The ancient social mould of slavery was already beginning to melt. Not only was the slave turning into the serf, who was practically (perhaps nominally would often be the more appropriate word) free, as regards his own farm and family life, but many lords were freeing slaves and serfs altogether. This was done under the pressure of the priests; but especially it was done in the spirit of penance. In one sense, of course, any Catholic society must have an atmosphere of penance; but I am speaking of that rather sterner spirit of penance which had expiated the excesses of Paganism. There was about such restitutions the atmosphere of the death-bed repentance. A very honest atheist with whom I once debated made use of the expression, “Men have only been kept in slavery by the fear of hell.” As I pointed out to him, if he had said that men had only been freed from slavery by the fear of hell, he would at least have been referring to an unquestionable historical fact.

St. Francis called himself the Troubadour of a newer and nobler romance, and Mr. Chesterton adds: “He was a Lover. He was a Lover of God and he was really and truly a Lover of men—possibly a much rarer mystical vocation.” Inasmuch as “he did not love humanity, but men,” he was the great reprobate of that type of philanthropist who, like Shelley, wrote divinely of man’s claims on love and perfectibility, but who made miserable every representative of the human family who came within his reach—father, mother, sister, wife and—creditor. St. Francis, contrariwise and Christianwise, “did not see the mob for the men”:

What distinguishes this very genuine democrat is that he

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never either deceived or was deceived by the illusion of mass-suggestion. Whatever his taste in monsters, he never saw before him a many-headed beast. He only saw the image of God multiplied, but never monotonous. To him a man was always a man, and did not disappear in a dense crowd any more than in a desert. He honoured all men ; that is, he not only loved but respected them all. For this there is no external expression except courtesy. We may say, if we like, that St. Francis, in the bare and barren simplicity of his life, had clung to one rag of luxury—the manners of a court. But whereas in court there is one king and a hundred courtiers, in this story there was one courtier moving among a hundred kings.

Some reflections on the utility of asceticism give Mr. Chesterton his chance. In considering this sort of “visionary vagabond,” he says, we may get glimpses of a practicality which baffles even those who pride themselves on being practical :

A man had to be thin to pass always through the bars and out of his cage ; he had to travel light in order to ride so fast and so far. It was the whole calculation, so to speak, of that innocent cunning, that the world was to be outflanked and outwitted by him, and be embarrassed about what to do with him. You could not threaten to starve a man who was ever striving to fast. You could not ruin him and reduce him to beggary, for he was already a beggar. There was a very lukewarm satisfaction even in beating him with a stick, when he only indulged in little leaps and cries of joy, because indignity was his only dignity. You could not put his head in a halter without the risk of putting it in a halo.

It is difficult to repeat any saying of Mr. Chesterton’s except in his own words. He is himself that vital paradox, an Original who has only to show himself to be surrounded by replicas. He once said, if we rightly remember, of Mr. H. G. Wells, that you can feel him developing under his own words. Under Mr. Chesterton’s words, it is the reader who discovers himself—he has found a tongue ; and many a feeling has lain dormant in a man’s mind until it has been given utterance, first for him, and then by him—a process which, perhaps, does something to elucidate “the paradox of prayer”—of vocal prayer.

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We may end where Mr. Chesterton begins—with his own *Apologia* for the writing of a book about St. Francis—to whom “religion was not a thing like a theory but a thing like a love-affair.” He takes us into a confidence that we prize :

This book is only addressed to that part of the modern world which finds in St. Francis a certain modern difficulty ; which can admire him yet hardly accept him ; or which can appreciate the saint almost without the sanctity. And my only claim even to attempt such a task is that I myself have for so long been in various stages of such a condition. Many thousand things that I now partly comprehend I should have thought utterly incomprehensible, many things I now hold sacred I should have scouted as utterly superstitious, many things that seem to me lucid and enlightened now they are seen from the inside, I should honestly have called dark and barbarous seen from the outside, when long ago in those days of boyhood my fancy first caught fire with the glory of Francis of Assisi. I, too, have lived in Arcady ; but even in Arcady I met one walking in a brown habit who loved the woods better than Pan. The figure in the brown habit stands above the hearth in the room where I write, and, alone among many such images, at no stage of my pilgrimage has he ever seemed to me a stranger. His figure stands on a sort of bridge connecting my boyhood with my conversion to many other things ; for the romance of his religion had penetrated even the rationalism of that vague Victorian time.

This debt to St. Francis is a debt owed by all of us. Happy is the man who is able in part to pay it !

W. M.

THE Centenary of Byron is not less likely than any other such melancholy adjustment of literary time to produce a sheaf of books, booklets and reprints, every publisher finding it necessary to have a Byron book on his list instead of the authors combining to produce a single and harmonious volume. Harold Nicolson's *Byron: The Last Journey* (Constable) has the advantage of providing new material from Lady Dorchester's papers, and of being written in a style much more grandiose than that of the hero and more entertaining than the numerous docu-

Byron : The Last Journey

ments with which the pages are crammed. Byron's suicide at Missolonghi freed Greece and led to Navarino. His confused and despairing expedition produced a propaganda which undercut the crass props of Turkish domination. Mr. Nicolson awards him the posthumous power and success without slaking the ghastly realism of the last scenes of Byron's life. The redeemer of Greece appears with "his tawdry Venice clothes hung round him like a sack, bulged over his little martyred feet and his little dimpled hands." According to Tom Moore the spiritual expression had left his face, and Lady Blessington apparently discovered that "so far from being a typical English peer he was not even a typical English gentleman." But who would want him to be either? If he were either, the less Byron he! Byron took to the liberation of Greece to escape from parasites, from "the chirpy rancour" of Leigh Hunt, from his own ill repute and from distaste for his own writing. Mr. Nicolson sees in his life "a catalogue of false positions. His brain was male, his character was feminine. He had genius but it was misunderstood and misdirected; he had beauty but it was branded by deformity; he had rank but no position; fortune but it came too late; fame but it blazed for him too early." The Philohellenic Elizabethan dwindles to "the irresolute and dyspeptic little man who, on that July evening, limped gloomily up the gangway of the Hercules." The whole expedition lives in *opera bouffe* with the gaudy retainers, the quarrelling Greeks, the fatuous Colonel Stanhope, with Bentham and the Bible, the deserting Trelawny and Dr. Kennedy making a last attempt to convert Byron to the Christian religion. Though Byron listened courteously for four hours to proofs of the existence of Moses, he was unwilling to be reconciled to any form of Evangelical truth. His mind was gloomy with the prediction of a Cheltenham gipsy, and he sent from his deathbed for a non-procurable witch. At one moment he was heard to say, "Shall I sue for mercy?" After a long pause he added, "Come, come, no weakness! Let's be a man to the last."

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Mr. Nicolson describes Dr. Kennedy's ministrations and concludes : "Had the doctor been a Catholic and not a Methodist, the result might well have been a dramatic and emotional conversion, which, I suppose, would have proved of considerable subsequent assistance." Mr. Nicolson's supposition is correct. Well, it is a fascinating book, whether the reader is interested in the futile deeds of Byron or in the ruthless words of Mr. Nicolson. Here is Missolonghi : "That putrescent village can claim no share in the radiance of the surrounding mountains or in the circean lure of sea, of promontory and of island. No share even in that more meretricious beauty which is the guerdon of other towns built glitteringly into other waters, for the puddles which stagnate among the piles and mudbanks of Missolonghi are too sullen even to mirror the walls which totter above them, too garbaged even to reflect the sparse and viscous vegetation of their banks." But out of that evil smelling mud, illuminated by the purple sunset of the dying Byron, arose for better or worse modern Greece with all its hopes and failures, the revival of the Olympic Games, the throne of the monkey-bitten King Constantine and the romance of Mrs. Leeds.

S. L.

THE biography of *Lady Henry Somerset (1851-1921)* (Jonathan Cape) could not have been placed in better hands than those of Miss Kathleen Fitzpatrick, who was not only her literary executor but intimately associated with Lady Henry during the latter part of her life. She has also had full access to Lady Henry's diaries and to all her family letters, and from the latter has given a selection which incidentally throws light on life as lived in early and mid-Victorian days, and especially on the position of children at that period.

To the general reader, and especially to those who were actively associated with Lady Henry, the interest begins about midway in the volume. The earlier portion closed in 1878 with the tragic dissolution of the marriage which was celebrated with such happy anticipations six years before. Isabel went to her father at Reigate Priory, where

Lady Henry Somerset

began that manifestation of human sympathy which was to become the dominating force of her future life. On his death in 1883, she went to Eastnor Castle, the home of her youth, where for seven years she lived almost entirely alone. Here she attended to the housing and general welfare of her tenants, and associated herself in spiritual and social work with a little band of Methodists in Ledbury, the adjoining town—the town of Masefield's *Bye Street*—in which she established a mission hall. In this hall Lady Henry joined the temperance movement and made her first speech; her investigations led her to condemn the social conditions in which so many men and women worked, and on coming to London she appeared on the platform with John Burns, at a meeting at the East End called to organize women's labour. Here she met Mrs. Pearsall Smith, who, with her family, had come over from Philadelphia and settled in London.

The friendship then formed greatly influenced Lady Henry. Mrs. Smith, a strong personality not destitute of humour, had been a prominent temperance worker in the States, and on arriving in England had joined the British Women's Temperance Association founded by a compatriot. Of this body Lady Henry became president in 1890—a position she retained until 1903, notwithstanding occasional serious opposition. Herself a strong total abstainer, she was not a prohibitionist; and there was another ground for dissatisfaction which Miss Fitzpatrick does not mention. By this time Lady Henry's views had greatly developed in the Catholic direction—she had adopted as the device of the B.W.T.A. a medallion of the Madonna di San Sisto; this provoked a strong protest, whereto Lady Henry replied in an admirable letter published at the time. In 1891, in company with Mrs. Smith, Lady Henry had a great temperance campaign in America, of which letters from each give an amusing account; the attraction, says Mrs. Smith, "was greatly enhanced by the 'Lady!'" Here they added to their fellowship a remarkable woman, Miss Frances Willard:

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Lady Henry learned from Miss Willard how to organize her work ; Miss Willard learnt from her how to dress becomingly . . . The Old World's Catholicism and the New World's Puritanism met, and each recognized the beauty of the other.

At the meeting in Philadelphia over which Miss Willard presided, "the Catholic priests spoke, and one day pronounced the Benediction." It was, we believe, on the occasion of her later visit to America that a poem was distributed at Lady Henry's farewell meeting, with the touching refrain :

Do not, do not leave us yet,
Lady Henry Somerset.

Those who knew Lady Henry may be inclined to think that her biographer has hardly done justice to her charming personality, and will certainly regret the absence of a portrait more recent than the two given. Full tribute is, however, paid to her attractiveness as a speaker, due to "her sincerity and the wonderful quality of her voice ; low and clear, without an effort, it reached the farthest gallery of the big halls she spoke in, and not a word was lost." Serious as were her aims, "she enjoyed herself with a zest that made her a delightful companion," and no one that ever heard it will forget the charming character of her laugh. "In her work in the B.W.T.A. she was able to pause and laugh at herself and her companions," among whom, judging from examples given, she must have found abundant opportunities for indulging her sense of humour.

No summary of Lady Henry's work would be complete without some reference to the colony for inebriate women which she established and personally superintended at Duxhurst, near Reigate, on lines widely differing from those popularly associated with reformatory institutions. Acting on the principle that the first step towards restoration was to restore self-respect, and that nothing that suggested punishment must enter into the scheme, various industries, including weaving, were set on foot. The attractiveness of the place, with its ample space, cheerful and homely surroundings, and bright flowers on

Lady Henry Somerset

all sides, was increased by the arrangement of the chapel, which, built in the days when Lady Henry's sympathies were with the Evangelical School, gradually acquired every Catholic feature :

When, at last, she had made it all she wished it to be, a stranger who did not understand the elasticity of the Church of England would have been puzzled to know where he was ; more than one bishop had felt the same bewilderment ;

and it is not surprising that, as Lady Henry wrote in her diary, the bishop, when he came for confirmation, "only talked about the cat—nothing seemed to interest him." "The women," we are told, "loved the chapel ; hardly at any time of the day was it empty" ; but it was in the little cottage which she had built for herself that most was done : "here she spent sometimes ten hours a day of hard work, seeing the women one by one."

It was her marvellous gift of sympathy that made Lady Henry's advice so valuable. One evening she and Mrs. Smith visited the Salvation Army shelters ; the latter wrote an account of the inmates, lacking nothing in severity ; Lady Henry's impressions were altogether different, and, says the biographer, with a touch of humour, "the next time she went alone." For her private devotion Lady Henry had built a beautiful little private chapel, where she was accustomed every morning to spend an hour or more before the reserved Sacrament. The most attractive feature of Duxhurst was the home for little children, many of them rescued from terrible surroundings ; it was charming to see the delight with which "Sister," as she was called, was received when she paid her "good-night" visit. The attractive little book, *Beauty for Ashes*, in which Lady Henry describes Duxhurst and its work, is presumably out of print, as her biographer, whose work it supplements, does not mention it.

The extracts from letters with which the volume concludes show how nearly Lady Henry had realized the Catholic position, and Catholics who knew her had hoped that the full light would be granted her.

J. B.

Some Recent Books

THE title of the engaging volume, *A Daughter of Coventry Patmore*, in Religion Sister Mary Christina, (Longmans), tells its own tale. In any case the record of a nun comes to us with that little touch of the unexpected that is the salt of life. She, who has segregated herself, belongs to us once more. In this case she is given to us professedly on the title-page as the daughter of a great poet, and the author—appropriately another Nun of the Holy Child Jesus—in that presentment proves herself the fit and proper person for her task of biographer. She knows and places her Patmore ; and, so knowing and placing, can bring to this record of his daughter a profundity of thought and feeling, lacking which her pages would lose half their significance. Well and good ; but the secondary title must stand out too, though a fellow Religious might be too modest to insist ; and Sister Mary Christina, as a nun of the Holy Child, has yet another glory of association, appreciated by all whose privilege it has been to know the remarkable members of that Society, whether in England or America.

The Abbot of Buckfast, in his Foreword to the volume, pays to poetry a tribute which reinforces the word spoken lately by Father Vincent McNabb, who delighted us by his reminder that the priest's is the only avocation that is daily starred by hymns. The Abbot seems to think that verse-making is a proper method of self-expression in the convent cell :

Simplicity of mind and crystalline serenity of heart are the universal endowment of those who have a right to call themselves the spouses of Christ. Now the harp of David is pre-eminently the instrument of those whose hearts are with God. That English poetry in its highest as well as in its humbler forms should be the familiar guest of a Catholic convent is, indeed, a sign of God's blessing and a presage of Heavenly graces.

Imagination plays so leading a part in the life of all worshippers of the Unseen, that Blake's definition of Christ as Imagination has its relative rightness. But the gift of expression lies apart from even a common spiritual

Daughter of Coventry Patmore

experience, and most nuns, we imagine, for all the poetry at their hearts, will confess to the experience :

Through my indifferent words of every day,
Scattered and all unlinked the rhymes shall ring
And make my poem, and I shall not know.

But with Emily Honoria Patmore—the eldest daughter of her father and of the lady who inspired *The Angel in the House*—it was otherwise. She could “ touch the magic string,” and, though “ noisy Fame ” will never be proud to win her, she takes her place beside each singer in Israel who, far more real than Shelley’s bizarre “ high-born maiden,” may be found in a convent tower, “ soothing her love-laden soul at secret hour.” Her verses are free from the literary vulgarities of the hymns in common use ; but they do not soar into poetry ; they do not bear detachment from the record of her life as this volume presents it ; but they proclaim the piety “ whose natural voice is song ” ; and they obey those rules of ordered verse which distinguish them from the most fit prose, just as the discipline of the Convent Rule divides its votaries from the men and women of the world who fulfil Stevenson’s ideal of liberty—“ free to love and free to wander.”

Emily Honoria Patmore was born in the June of 1853. She grew up a too orderly girl if one may judge by her complaint of a wild sky she was taken out of bed to see—“ How untidy ! ” The sea, when she first saw it, was “ How soapy ! ” Her father encouraged the Martha in her, however much his own heart turned to the Mary. He wrote to her when she was ten :

I am staying with a very kind and beautiful lady, who used to be one of the Queen’s Maids of Honour. Your Mamma was just like one of these great and gentle ladies, and I hope you will be like one of them some day. This lady often talks to me about you, and particularly advised me to get you to *sew* and *hem*, as *useful* learning ought always to come before the learning of things that only give pleasure, like music.

It was not easy, even for a poet, in those prim times, to write to a child in a tongue that was her natural own.

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A Protestant environment must result, even among the elect, in some casualties of priggery. The Cleanliness next to Godliness formulary might seem also to have some countenance in another letter: "Tell me whether you say your prayers, also whether you take your full bath and clean your teeth twice a day." And, in the same letter, another rather daunting counsel of domestic perfection: "We ought never to get so boisterously happy ourselves as to forget the respect we owe to older people. And *noisy* happiness is disrespectful to them."

When she was fifteen—an age of renunciation with many a devoted girl—Emily began to turn her eyes Carmelwards. She had a confidante worthy of her in Harriet Robson, who had been educated by the Holy Child Sisters at St. Leonards-on-Sea, and who, later, became united to her in a close family tie—as her step-mother. Emily was adjudged by all to be too young to come to a life-decision so momentous; and it is satisfactory to note that these controlling prudences are nowhere attributed to the machinations of the Evil One—an abstention which illustrates the serene sanity of the very sensitive biographer throughout! A few months passed and she went as a boarder to the St. Leonards convent—"the place which was to become to Emily the centre of the world, where, as a Religious, she was to sing her brief love-song to God with an intensity which could admit of no prolonged duration." Her appearance was described as "very striking"; and Ruskin, in a letter to her people written about this time, says: "I did so like looking over at the quiet intelligent sweetness of her face"—a confession which implies some of the emotions Susan Miles records concerning two faces she confronted in a railway-carriage in the Tube. On the Feast of the Epiphany, 1873, Emily was admitted as a Postulant at St. Leonards. In due course her Clothing followed. Of that day, one of her companions writes: "After the ceremony she was called to see her family. Her father was the one she loved above all. I remember watching her walking with him in the garden. I met her again at noon. 'Oh!' she

Daughter of Coventry Patmore

said, 'I must go to Our Lord. I have hardly been able to say a word to Him since morning, and this is our betrothal day.' " Now at last her father's words could come to her heart without any reservations, words untarnished by any conventions of paternal solicitude. He had sung as no other could of the Unknown Eros that now his dearest daughter indeed knew :

Love, light for me
Thy ruddiest blazing torch,
That I, albeit a beggar at the Porch
Of the glad Palace of Virginity,
May gaze within, and sing the Pomp I see ;
For, crowned with roses all,
'Tis there, O Love, they keep Thy festival.

That was the opening of the *Deliciæ Sapientiæ De Amore* Ode ; and Patmore himself used to tell, with the challenging defiance that Sargent has so well caught in the vivid presentment of him now in the National Portrait Gallery, how Aubrey de Vere a little lamented the ardour of the wording, and suggested " holiest shining " in place of " ruddiest blazing " in the second line. With the same expression of almost audacity, Patmore used also to recount how, when he had been praising Married Love as the most Heavenly of all symbols, Emily had said : " But, Papa, I thought that Matrimony was a rather wicked Sacrament ! " An invention, of course, yet one that had its core of truth. But he was done with paradox and its fun when he went on in his Ode :

O, hear
Them singing clear
Cor meum et caro mea round the " I am,"
The Husband of the Heavens, and the Lamb
Whom they for ever follow there that kept,
Or, losing, never slept
Till they reconquered had in mortal fight
The standard white.
O hear
The nuptial song,
Song ever new to us and them, that saith,

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“Hail Virgin, in Virginity a Spouse !”
Heard first below
Within the little house
At Nazareth ;
Heard yet in many a cell where Brides of Christ
Lie hid, emparadised,
And where, although
By the hour 'tis night,
There's light,
The day still lingering in the lap of snow.

Some of his verses the poet sent to his daughter, and her praises, writing whence she wrote, must have been more precious to him than most others. Sometimes she was able to tell him how they helped her; as when, for instance, she was a little perturbed, as others have been, by the fear that the repetition of prayers makes for formal, and therefore “vain,” repetitions, she took comfort in her father's lines, proclaiming :

And all God's art
Is as the babe's that wins his mother to repeat
Her little song so sweet.

“I was wondering,” she wrote, “if it was pleasing to God to hear us say the same psalms over and over again, and I remembered what you say of the child wanting its mother to repeat her little song.”

Sister Mary Christina undertook her schoolroom duties without the help of feeling herself naturally fitted for them, but with every other help imaginable. One of her pupils wrote retrospectively of her :

There was that mysteriousness about her that made one realize that Our Lord had looked upon her manifestly. I have met in after life many of those who passed under her influence, and they all said she was a saint. Our Lord had revealed Himself to her, and nothing mattered except to correspond with His grace.

There was a tradition in the Convent that she had seen her Lover face to face—none knew how or where, “my secret is my own,” she said in one of her allusive verses, as of a vision. Other precious glimpses we get.

The Saints in Italy

“Vocal prayer,” her biographer says, “was a great trial to her ; the habit of contemplation was so strong that as soon as she was in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament she became intensely absorbed.” It is a refreshment to find among her written resolutions this also : “To make fun for the Community.” There is nothing else in the world that is quite so gay as the laughter of nuns.

This young nun was not thirty when she died ; for her it was the simple process “to be dissolved and to be with Christ.” She suffered some of that dereliction which is not abated for the Saints, the soul still mysteriously dependent on the failing body, the soul

That must keep pace and tarry, patient, kind,
With its unwilling scholar, the dull tardy mind ;
Must be obsequious to the body’s powers,
Whose low hands mete its paths, set ope and close its ways ;
Must do obeisance to the days,
And wait the little pleasure of the hours ;
Yet, ripe for kingship, yet must be
Captive in statuted minority.

But for her, too, the promise of light at eventide was fulfilled ; and “He will soon come for me,” was her calm and sweet assuredty. And He came, His Mother with Him, in her vision, and this time she sought no secrecy : “Let them all see You—let them see Your beauty !” And last of all, “O, I am so happy—now let me die !”

There are the Convent and indeed conventional things to be said of any dead nun. But it is not the preacher’s eulogy that always comes to mind concerning the dead in Religion. Rather do we recall and apply the human tribute paid by Clemens Brentano to two Sisters who died at Boppard on the Rhine : “In them were found light, sun, dew, breezy freshness, colour, perfume, melody, wings, and ‘over the hills and far awa’.” W. M.

“ **A** BOOK of reference to the Saints in Italian art and dedication” has long been a desideratum, and although useful attempts have been made to supply the deficiency—notably in *A Garner of Saints*, by Mr. Allen Hinds, and in *Sacred Symbols of Art*, by Elizabeth

Some Recent Books

E. Goldsmith—it is not until now that we have, in Miss Lucy Menzies' volume entitled *The Saints in Italy* (Medici Society), a book adequate to the needs of the case. Miss Menzies is already favourably known as a hagiologist by her volume on St. Columba, and her charming Preface shows that she is in full sympathy with her subject :

“ It has been a high privilege,” she concludes by saying, “ to put together this record, or to turn from the stress of everyday life to the exhilarating atmosphere of these humble, self-forgetful men and women. Their lives, too, were full of stress, but their spirits, secure upon the heights, were inspired by the rhythm of a nobler music : if we stay with them a little, we may hear it too.”

The more important biographies are given at considerable length, often with references which, though never overdone, sufficiently indicate that Miss Menzies is thoroughly acquainted with the literary as well as with the artistic side of her subject : we note with interest a quotation from the useful little volume on *Christian Monasticism*, by Canon Hannay, better known by his pen-name, “ George A. Birmingham.” The book is, indeed, more comprehensive than its title implies :

While most of the Saints mentioned are Italian Saints, those of other countries are included who, from membership of the great Orders or from the world-wide nature of their fame, are to be met with in the church dedications or the art of Italy.

There is a useful appendix in which the emblems of the saints are given—both those of general application and those associated with particular saints.

It is certain that so useful and so comprehensive a book will go into a second edition, and it may be helpful to offer a few suggestions which may make that, when it comes, even more valuable than the present. To correct “ asperges ” to “ aspergillum ” (p. 468) and in the pages there indicated is a small matter, but whatever friars “ recited in their chapel ” (p. 375) it was not Benediction ; the only representation of St. Aloysius mentioned is the too familiar one of “ a gentle youth holding a lily ” ;

De Nugis Curialium

the picture of him in page's dress attributed to Paolo Veronese should be added. The statement that St. Dominic "instituted the devotion of the Rosary" should be less definite, but it is interesting to note that Miss Menzies recognizes the value of the beads "in building up a habit of trained and connected thought." With regard to St. Charles Borromeo, of whom she gives a charming account, Miss Menzies says :

A blot on the picture is the ruthless part he played in the Inquisition in the diocese of Milan : in his religious zeal he was guilty of countenancing hideous cruelties. Against this we must put to his credit that it was he who first commissioned Palestrina to write music for the Mass—

a somewhat naïve attempt to adjust the balance—as if one should say that although Nero burnt Rome, he played beautifully while the flames were progressing. Before reprinting the passage it might be well to consult Father Thurston's pamphlet on *The Papal Eulogy of St. Charles Borromeo*, in which, on Bollandist authority, he insists on the Saint's general moderation and in other respects combats the charge of "hideous cruelties." The book is, of course, not primarily intended for Catholics and to others the distinction would be immaterial ; but the difference between "Saint" and "Blessed" is of some importance and should be indicated.

A word must be said as to the *format* of the book, which is worthy of the Society which produces it. The type, though small, is clear ; the paper, though thin, is not *too* thin ; the binding is suitable ; and the size of the volume is convenient for the pocket.

J. B.

WE are interested to signal Master Walter Map's famous collection, *De Nugis Curialium* (Court Gossip), translated by two American Professors, Tupper and Ogle (Chatto and Windus). It is certainly one of the great mediæval scrap-books, and curious in many ways. Scholars would have been content to leave it in the Latin of Dr. James' fine recension of the Bodley MS., especially

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as the translators confess that "Map's meaning is occasionally impenetrable and his manner usually inimitable." It amounts to an amazing medley of ghost stories, historical peeps, erotic tales, criticisms of Waldenses, Cistercians, Welshmen and Templars. The Carthusians alone escape blame. The whole has no pretence to edifying reading, but it shows that because the mediæval ages were human, the fierce discipline of the Church was needed and that her severity was called forth by the spirit of the times. But to the minute recorder and the historian of manners "the trifles of that far-away world seem as significant as its tragedies ; and the lively gossip and jest of its table talkers, the airy tradition of its romancers, as precious as the accurate annals of its chroniclers." On the whole the book makes grim reading, but "here and there soft lights flicker, as in the story of the Templar who is true to his oath, or of Rhesus who prefers his friend's honour to his friend's wife, or of Theobald who befriends the lepers, but these only make the darkness visible." Map himself knew *Gerald Cambrensis* and *Thomas à Becket*, which will place him historically. His compilation corresponds to the censorious and uncensored type of *Memoirs* which are readily written to-day. But it has the mediæval grace of avoiding vulgarity and cheapness of thought and style. "The unriddling of Map," say the editors, "is a fascinating but fearsome adventure."

S. L.

NO other orator in France during the mid-Nineteenth Century reached the eminence attained by Lacordaire. He was beyond question a man of his time, the type of his race, one who had strayed in youth and come back to the Faith in early manhood. His mind was steeped in doctrine and history. His life was noble, enthusiastic and saintly. These qualities, however, would not have achieved his unique success, were it not for his extraordinary gift of improvisation. After a short and intense preparation of thought, prayer, and self-discipline, the discourse came from his lips, finished,

Béchamp or Pasteur

full, and lofty. His name is not before our countrymen as it was formerly, and *Political and Social Philosophy*, edited by D. O'Mahony, B.D. (Herder), may contribute something towards its restoration. The volume presents a selection of thirteen conferences, dealing with such current and burning topics as Marriage, Brotherhood, The State and Liberty. They all display the well-known characteristics of the great preacher—intense feeling, precise teaching, frankness, picturesque history, and striking anecdotes. These qualities and the loftiness of vision which was never absent from his addresses should commend this book to a large number of readers. And the fact that the subjects are treated in a manner that is neither quite English, nor of the Twentieth Century, may afford us a good reason for enlarging our views.

H. P.

THOMAS W. ALLIES, 1813-1903, by Miss M. Allies (Burns, Oates and Washbourne), is a second edition of the Biography which appeared in 1907. A few additions have been made, though these are not specified in the Preface, and the Index has been extended. As we are now still further removed from the scenes and incidents of a life which belonged to the now distant Nineteenth Century, the interest of its story will have increased for many. Here we have pictures of the gentry-folk of 1820, of parsons of the old school, of Protestantism of a type that is now rare. Allies in his diary tells us much of his intimate acquaintance with Ward, Pusey, Manning, Faber, and above all, with Newman and Aubrey de Vere. Nor are the pages devoted to his life's work of *The Formation of Christendom*, or the important letters of Newman on that subject, to be lost sight of. We have read this edition with much pleasure, and cordially recommend it.

H. P.

MR. E. DOUGLAS HUME, the author of *Béchamp or Pasteur* (McGee and Co., Chicago), is a militant anti-vaccinationist and anti-vivisectionist.

Some Recent Books

This faith in him may be sufficient justification for his endeavour to prove the futility of medical practices based on Pasteur's work ; but it removes from him the right to be listened to as an expert ; the manner of its outward expression kills his claim to be heard as an honest historian. Views are attributed to Pasteur which he spent his life opposing ; in the face of prior publication he is accused of plagiarism ; an acknowledged master experimenter, his experiments were all inaccurate ; every single one of his discoveries was either old or stolen or false ; his treatment of the silkworm disease was an "absurdity" and increased the disease ; his inoculation for anthrax killed the animals treated, "it is easy to make the experiment appear to succeed by means of trickery" ; there is no danger of infection from the bite of a mad dog unless you are afraid, or submit to Pasteur's treatment. Pasteur's great success was achieved by self-advertisement aided by narrow-minded clerics and an ignorant nobility headed by the Emperor and Empress.

How comes it, then, that all over the world are laboratories and institutes in which Pasteur's treatments are practised ? These are part of a "vast money-making system" of which the practitioners are "beneficiaries" who defraud the public. Jenner, too, comes in for rough handling, his vaccination is useless and dangerous, it "was based on the ancient Indian rite to propitiate Sheetula Mata, the goddess of smallpox." All the anti-tetanus and other inoculations during the war increased sickness in the Allied armies. The author's deduction of this conclusion from the figures given is a good example of his muddle-headedness.

Fortunately, a book of this kind contains its own refutation. "Every idea of his (Pasteur's) appears to have been confided to others ; letters detailed his endeavours." This is not the method of the successful plagiarist. Pasteur's theories may be studied in his published works ; the arbiters in the great controversy which raged over his discoveries were the members of the French Academy and not the French clergy and nobility ; the value of his

Religious Life of Henry VI

work is proclaimed all over the world by a great body of scientists who have no connection with Pasteur Institutes. Béchamp, a French doctor and would-be rival of Pasteur, is, for the author, a convenient line on which to air his pseudo-scientific views. He is put forward as the first to prove that fermentation was due to external air-borne germs, though his papers were published after Pasteur's. His chief work on Microzyma propounds the theory that the germs of disease are always with us and in us and are not external. Anti-septic and aseptic surgery are therefore futile, and the bacteriological laboratory is as stupid as the witch's cauldron. Béchamp first studied the silkworm disease and gave the cure to Pasteur. Here the author proves too much. Pasteur's treatment purposely aggravated the silkworm disease. Possibly Béchamp was a great man : but his reputation will not be enhanced by the intemperate championing of Mr. Hume.

J. J. D.

THERE is a kind of spiritual astronomer whose office it is to sweep the firmament of Paradise with the little telescope of faith, and call attention to the suspected presence of new constellations there, or constellations hitherto unobserved. It is empirical only, this astronomy, and its judgments attain no certainty until a formal process of beatification has made the new knowledge apodeictic. It is not easy, then, to undertake this pioneer work of Saint-finding unless you are well qualified to speak as a historian—particularly in a case where centuries have passed by and the fact of the appearance is still disputable. King Henry VI, if he be a constellation indeed, is one whose light has taken long to reach earthly eyes ; and it is all the more fortunate that he has found, in Cardinal Gasquet, a biographer whose reputation as a historian, and as a historian of the late mediæval period, is recognized and assured. In *The Religious Life of King Henry VI* (Bell) his Eminence gives in brief (only 134 pages) a full and readable statement of the steps taken on the Eve of the Reformation for promoting King Henry's

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process, and of the evidence for his popular *cultus* at that period of history.

If the reader is inclined to make a criticism, it will be the not ungracious criticism that he would have liked the book longer. It is perfectly true that the public events of the period can be read up in any history of England; but a résumé from the Cardinal's pen of those events as they affected King Henry's own fortunes would have been a kindness to the ignorant public, continually apt to confuse the numerous Henries with one another. Above all, would it not have been well to give, in some detail, the evidence for the fact of King Henry's temporary insanity, and for its brief duration? For this, after all, is the only fact about the King's character which sticks in most men's minds. How serious was the derangement, and how far was it exploited by the Court with the object of keeping the King in the background?

What will probably be new to most readers is the extreme devotion shown by King Henry for the Holy See, and his jealousy for the assertion of its full rights, at a time when the Conciliar Movement was challenging those rights most energetically. Anglicans who venerate him as a Saint of the pre-Tridentine Church will do well to weigh his uncompromising utterances about the Rump at Basle. The miraculous graces bestowed on the King during his lifetime are only alluded to; but it is interesting to notice that his biographers claimed for him the supernatural instinct, found in several of the Saints, which could detect the presence or absence of the Blessed Sacrament in church.

If the cause, so carefully prepared before the Reformation, should be introduced at Rome after all these centuries, the case here outlined by his Eminence will certainly be an impressive one. There is a single point at which he seems to have done less than justice to it—namely, when he says (p. 86) that the *Book of the Miracles* has marginal annotations in a *contemporary* hand. Reason is given in the edition of that record recently published by the Cambridge Press (pp. 26, 27) for thinking that the

A Sampler of Castile

annotations, which serve to vouch for the accuracy of the whole compilation in a marked degree, were, in fact, made nearly thirty years after the book itself was compiled.

In Chapter VIII, which contains numerous quotations from quasi-liturgical sources, his Eminence has not been completely successful in exorcising the printers' devils. Thus on p. 123: *lasis* should be *laesis*, *sancit* should be *sanat*; on p. 124, *Sanctus* should be *Sanctum*; on p. 126, *pingens* should be *jungens*; and the end of the hymn should read, ". . . *Civem facit patriae: Te laudare cupientes Fac ut semper sint fruentes Tecum vita gloriae.*" There are other variations from orthodox Latinity for which the original MSS. are probably responsible. In Chapter VII, *referitur* should be *reperitur* (p. 110), *Reyton* should be *Keyton* (p. 114), and M. H. Seymour should be "M. N." Seymour (*ibid.*).

R. A. K.

MR. ROGER FRY, in *A Sampler of Castile* (Hogarth Press), has given us his first impressions of some towns of the Spanish plateau and one or two others; and delightful they are, as would be expected from an artist endowed with Mr. Fry's powers of observation and sense of humour. He tells us that his book was "botched together from scraps written at odd moments in halls of hotels when dinner lingered, in waiting-rooms, in trains and even trams; whenever or wherever, in short, the chance of crystallizing some of these haunting images in words presented itself to a capricious and unmethodical mind." With one reservation, the result is altogether admirable; and in regard to the reservation one had, perhaps, better get it down and have done with it. Mr. Fry is obviously in an unknown country when he writes on matters connected with Spanish religion; he invades that unknown country but seldom, and if he had avoided it altogether this delightful book would have gained by his self-denial.

Entering Spain by way of Catalonia, he hurried on to Saragossa, which he found as nearly a capital as Barcelona,

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and undeniably rich ; after Saragossa he visited ten or twelve of the upland towns and then returned home by way of Pamplona in Navarre, which struck him as being “ the most prosperous looking, cleanest, best-paved, best-lit town ” he had seen in the peninsula. Of every place in turn he has something interesting to say, and usually some humorous incident to recount : as for example, at Ciudad Rodrigo, where he spent a day, he was accosted by a gentleman who introduced himself as the chief of the police, and set Mr. Fry a-wondering as to what municipal by-law he might have infringed. But it turned out that the worthy policeman was an amateur artist and had seized the occasion of having the honour of spending a day with a professional ; for spend the day he did with his victim, escorting him here, there and everywhere ; so that the only time Mr. Fry could escape from his loquacity, from early in the morning up to the moment when at dusk his train left for Salamanca, was in the afternoon when lying by the bank of the Agueda he persuaded his cicerone that it would be profitable to do some sketching.

Mr. Fry naturally has something to say about beggars—who that goes to Spain has not ? “ I confess,” he says, “ I wish there were not quite so many beggars in Spain. Not that I do not find them personally a sympathetic race—all professions deform the character and there are many which produce uglier distortions—but they put one in such an unpleasant predicament. In Spain it would be fatal to give to all : one would be mobbed. To give to none is a heroic piece of virtue of which I am incapable. So I choose, and then I find myself in a painful position. I become, like Caliban’s god, a creature of pure and cruel caprice . . . I look in vain for any law or principle which guides my choice. And such caprice is terrible : it realizes the nightmare of a really free will . . . ” One wonders whether Mr. Fry ever tried the stock formula, “ My brother, I beg your grace, for the sake of the Lord, to excuse me.” This used to be quite efficacious, though its value may have changed with the

Ignatius Loyola

times ; but perhaps even this form of refusal would have been too heroic for him to use constantly. Salamanca appears to be particularly favoured by beggars, as Toledo certainly used to be.

Two other things excited Mr. Fry's curiosity : one as to how and why the Spaniard always had a three days' growth of beard on his chin, and the other as to how in almost every town in Central Spain fish was procurable, in spite of the fact that Madrid is, by the quickest train, twelve hours' journey from the sea, and fish which "though never really fresh was never impossibly stale." Of the first riddle he found no solution ; but when he propounded the second to a friend in Madrid, "the reply was instant and conclusive—'The Jesuits.'" The fish supply, he was given to understand, was "a monopoly of the Jesuits, and the Jesuits have the miraculous power of making Spanish trains do that which no other power on earth can make them do!" One wonders whether Mr. Fry's friend spoke with his tongue in his cheek, or whether he believed what he said. Mr. Fry's admiration of the Society's business acumen was aroused and considerably increased later when he was also told that, if they did not monopolize, they largely controlled the antiquity shops of Madrid ; for, he said, they "never confused the issues ; they never provided antique fish, and their antiques were never unpleasantly fresh."

But one must not poach any more of Mr. Fry's stories. His book must be read by everyone who goes to Spain, and by everyone who travels in his armchair. It is something not to be passed over. Nothing has been said of the sixteen drawings made by him on the spot and excellently reproduced in collotype : they must be seen. But one trifling alteration should be made when the book goes to a second edition. Surely the Toledo sketch is the bridge of Alcantara and not the bridge of St. Martin, which is on the other side of the town ?

E. B.

MR. H. D. SEDGWICK, writing on Ignatius Loyola (Macmillan) ends his book with some reflec-

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tions which should have prefaced it, for then we should have known how he was, throughout, judging his subject. He is fain to define *religion* and *religious*. "I take it," he says, "that religious men are at work on the creation or exposition of some wide home of thought, where imagination and hope may wander free." He has just exhorted us to "drop, for the moment, (the) disagreements" of Loyola, Luther and Calvin, and contemplate their underlying unanimity. Well, they would unanimously have stood astounded at such a definition—at being told that religion was "the creation, or revelation, of this temple, canopy, or garden of thought." This "uncircumscribed region" has been "flung toward heaven," only to be followed by theology, whose task is "to give to this ethereal region the semblance of reality, that is, to touch it with signs of familiarity, colours of the known, marks of the recognizable, and thereby give plausible justification to the assurances of faith." In this difficult task, theology had to avoid "the fatal faults of abstraction, of mathematical coldness, of the nihilism of the absolute (!)," and hence theology has usually transported "human matter bodily into this austere and beautiful domain"—pagans, too much so, since they created grossly human deities; the Semites, in an egotistically national way; the Christians, "transferring thither the type of human perfection, and asserting that there humanity made perfect possesses infinite power."

Well, there may be people who attach a meaning to all that. At least we should have been warned that these are the ideas that dictate the interpretation of much of Mr. Sedgwick's terminology. He is constantly calling things "mediæval" that seem to us in no special sense so, and then, when we realize that he actually thinks that people are *better off* for thinking of "religion" in the way he says that he does, and not, on the contrary, far thinner-minded and weaker, we at last understand why he often finds it hard to fathom motives and principles that we can take for granted and are quite clear, and why he has to turn Ignatian assets, so to say, into something

Cosmology

substantially different, before he can approve of them. We would far rather leave them as they are, and not "translate" them, and listen to a frank and whole-hearted disapprobation. Having said this, we can applaud very warmly the desire in Mr. Sedgwick to approve. That is a kindly and none too common characteristic in biographers of a man of "disparate cult." Mr. Sedgwick, feeling sure that Ignatius must really have been a startlingly remarkable man, has sought to get the facts about him from the best sources, and to create an archaeologically correct *mise-en-scène* for the display of them. Even without the perpetual distraction caused by the unrevealed presence of the author's philosophy of religion, which keeps setting his curtains waving, his back-cloth bulging, with such odd results to the hitherto solid-seeming architecture painted in it, we do not think a Catholic will learn much that is new from this book, though it ought to be a revelation to our friends "outside the gate." For there are few new facts, and, as we have indicated, the psychology is quite unconvincing and "Ignatius" does not live.

J. de G.

COSMOLOGY, An Introduction to the Philosophy of Matter, by J. O'Neill, Vol. I, *The Greeks and the Aristotelian Schoolmen* (Longmans) carries on the broad stream of higher studies that have been published by P. Coffey in *Dialectics, Epistemology and Metaphysics*, and by M. Cronin in *Ethics*. The philosophy of the universe as distinct from its physical aspects has been generally neglected in our English tradition, and, indeed, by the Schoolmen too since the time of St. Thomas. That science is, however, at length coming to its own. The volume before us deserves a place by the side of the monographs of the Neo-scholastics of the Louvain school and the recent output of the Gregorian University, Rome. To know a science adequately we must know something of its history—how it has been viewed by its leading specialists in the past. This was the method of St. Thomas as it was of his great master, Aristotle. Conse-

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quently this first instalment is concerned only with the varying fortunes of the world-philosophy from the earliest times down to our own day.

The main problems of the material universe lie on the surface for the man who thinks: the fundamental constituents of physical bodies, their substance, permanence, motion, change, qualities and reality, number, the continuum, vacuum, time, eternity, and other problems equally deep, perplexing and necessary. How these, from the beginning, have proved to be the turning-points in the famous theories that have found acceptance, is drawn out here with judicious detail, and, as far as possible, in the words of those who propounded them.

The evenness of treatment, the relevance of the extracts, the comparison of theory with theory, the intelligent setting out of the problem in view, will commend themselves to the appreciation of the expert in philosophy. It will be no surprise to the reader that Aristotle should be regarded as the fountain-head of subsequent thought, and that after Thales, Pythagoras, Heraclitus, Eclectics, Pantheists, Idealists and Atomists have been presented to him, Aristotle should be called in to deliver judgment on his predecessors. It is then that his own view of the universe is drawn out separately. When this has been done, and done well, we leap at once across the ages to the Schoolmen, and the introduction of the works of Aristotle to Europe in the Thirteenth Century. Several chapters are devoted to the exposition of the theories of the Schoolmen on hylemorphism, individuality, quantity, qualities, motion, etc. These topics, as being concerned wholly with Cosmology, loom large in the author's pages. To the student of philosophy these terms are familiar enough, but the layman may be driven by their austere dryness to pass over this notice as not intended for him. We may, however, be allowed to advise him not to decide at once. There is an enthralling interest for any cultured mind in the Introduction and in Chapter X. The Introduction is a vindication of the claims of Cosmology. The philosophy of matter has been neglected, scorned and

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ousted in favour of the physical sciences (of which, indeed, we may be justly proud) and for epistemological science, which has become a necessity since the philosophic revolutions of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.

The Ionics, without progenitors in philosophy, “discovered the Universe,” and philosophy became the higher religion of the Greeks. It was an effort to satisfy what we should call the religious instinct, and their religion had in it something of the missionary spirit, for they, and others after them, started and maintained for centuries their distinct schools of thought. The writer seizes the opportunity of vindicating the Schoolmen from the reproach of narrowness. St. Thomas and Suarez are examples of their method of studying in an historic atmosphere. He quotes Father Joseph Rickaby: “You may call Scholasticism or any orthodox philosophy a captive balloon ; but for tentative ascents, for exploration and reconnoitring purposes, the ropes that hold it stretch to infinity.” For many centuries Aristotle’s conception of the universe held the ground. From the Fifteenth, however, it lost its ascendancy to become eventually all but universally despised :

In every branch of knowledge, empirical science became divorced from metaphysical science ; each was cultivated by different men and along different lines. Thus topic after topic of the Aristotelian *Encyclopædia*—hitherto the preserve of the mediæval theologians and philosophers—was taken over and made the object of one or other of the ever-growing branches of modern science ; moreover, these topics were treated after a fashion wholly unknown to Aristotle and the School, and, in many instances, blossomed out into sciences that horrified the upholders of traditional learning.

Yet after reciting a number of the surface problems of Cosmology the author is quite justified in saying : “These are some of the questions that arise out of the simple problem set by the cosmologist of finding out whether and how far the plain man, the physicist, or the mechanist, is speaking the ultimate truth about matter and its properties.”

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Aristotle is not unduly praised ; nay, at times he is severely criticized. But it is at least gratifying to an Aristotelian to read that Darwin speaks of Cuvier and Linnaeus as "schoolboys in comparison with the author of the *History of Animals*." The exclusive physicist is seasonably rebuked, and the uncritical hostility of certain scientists is unsparingly revealed. To ourselves the book has been a delight. It is by no means a dry book. It lacks neither good style, nor humour, nor choice of interesting matter, nor the deft handling of what is subtle and profound. No professor of the subject can dispense with it ; no devotee of physical science ought to be unacquainted with it.

We may conclude with a complaint as to the notes, which are massed together in a most tantalizing fashion, at the end of the volume. One regrets that such an amount of patient and fruitful research as they represent should cause irritation. The index is inadequate. The name Bacon does not occur, nor spontaneous generation, nor vacuum, nor Spencer, nor Darwin. The concluding words of the author raise the expectation that the outlook and method of the second volume will be significant :

The starting-point of this reform in Cosmology is the rejection of the outworn learning of the Schoolmen . . . The next step is to extract, from the Cosmology of the mediæval School, whatever is of perennial value. . . . Most contemporary Schoolmen are agreed that the Cosmology of the Aristotelian Schoolmen, when vindicated from the ravages of time and from the still worse ravages of injudicious handling, contains a Philosophy of Matter, which is more in accordance with the teachings of modern science and the principles of sound metaphysics than any of its present-day rivals.

H. P.

NEW inventions are acclaimed by a Press on the look-out for attractive news. New discoverers are apt to be over sanguine about their successes. *Recent Psychology and the Christian Religion*, by C. E. Hudson, M.A. (Allen), tends to check the optimism of certain psychologists on the character and profitableness of their

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much-canvassed teachings. The writer, an Anglican clergyman, well acquainted with Catholic doctrine, though professedly "no philosopher," seeks for the good he may find in the newest psychology, and exorcises much of its evil. He has a closer intimacy with the moderns of different schools than with the traditional views of the Schoolmen; yet his insight is usually far-reaching and trustworthy. His object may be put in the form of a question: What relation is there, if any, between psychology and the Christian tradition in philosophy and theology? He has no difficulty in pointing out that the atmosphere, the animus, and the tendency of the leading professors of the new panacea are wholly repugnant to the Christian sense; God, religion, morality and free-will being discarded or transformed beyond recognition. He finds something to retain in his study of the "Unconscious" (which is no discovery of the Freudian school); still, his exposition is not so satisfactory as might have been desired. Obscure as the "Unconscious" may be (and it is well to admit its hitherto almost impenetrable darkness) it is nothing more than what the men of the past have endeavoured to realize under the names of the passions, temperament, character, heredity. And, if we now prefer the term "Unconscious," we must not forget that the word, as such, explains nothing, but itself needs explanation. And what is the "libido," with all its "sublimations," but an unpleasant name for the "predominant passion." The pseudo-discoveries are at all events evidence of a fallen race and of Original Sin. Auto-suggestion and Suggestion, under other names and associations, are phenomena of prayer and religious worship. Again the "herd" instinct finds its predecessor in the "example" so much insisted upon all engaged in education, and in the idea of "scandal" so vigorously proscribed.

The last chapter conveys a warning to many believers outside the Catholic Church, who rely on "religious experience" as the basis of their faith. "*The ultimate basis of the Christian religion is historical*," he writes, and

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italicizes. The cautious, critical tone of the work is gratifying ; the exposition is for the most part clear and convincing ; the judgments passed are reasoned and decisive. We can understand a certain want of definiteness in dealing with the topics of determinism and psychological ethics. We note finally that the theory of the brute origin of man is accepted without question.

H. P.

IN *The Mystery of Life*, by C. W. Armstrong (Grant Richards), the author avows that most of his ideas are borrowed from others and are submitted for criticism or rejection. As, however, his work proceeded, and his views matured, he gained confidence in them, and in this second edition he has deemed it advisable to add a distasteful second part on the Sex Problem, of which only this need be said, that Mr. Armstrong is a Eugenist who does not understand the Catholic position on such matters. The Mystery of Life is, of course, "Whence do we come, and whither are we going ?" The answer given is the old story of the *anima mundi* with a strong flavour of Pantheism. Nothing has been created. The uttermost basis of reality and law are mathematical principles, to which even Divinity is subject. The writer halts between the Divine Designer and Preserver of all, and the divine as simply identified with every spiritual existence, and eventually with matter. The one Spirit is our conscious self, our subliminal self and the great "Central Consciousness of the Universe." Matter, as being also a mode of spirit, is the "concrete conviction of the World-Spirit !"

The substance of all this is the old Stoicism. Man is merely a term or stage in the world-process of evolution. The creed of Mr. Armstrong is undiluted evolution. He accepts the theory as an assured and fundamental doctrine. He allows man a hundred million years in the past and an indefinite duration in the future, till such time as he becomes himself the Godhead ! At present our race, though potentially immaterial, is not good enough to be

The Life of Reason

actually immaterialized. It will make itself immaterial and immortal after a time—a reminiscence of the Karma of the Buddhist.

We have kept as close as a summary permits to the statements of Mr. Armstrong. He has a taste, though undisciplined, for philosophy ; but he has been misled by his antiquarian sources. He has woven the dreamlike fancy of a system, without subjecting it to adequate criticism. It has, however, been to us a subject of surprise and satisfaction to observe how, again and again, his mistakes have arisen from having just missed the truth he was attempting to envisage. This will apply to his notion of necessary truth, the purpose of world-production, the bliss or beatitude as the end (so to speak) of God, the teleology of the world and its parts, the approach to God, the divinization of the soul, the being like to God hereafter, the unpreparedness of many for "immaterialization," the impressiveness of ritual. These things being so, we may recommend our author to consult some standard work on Catholic opinions regarding the subjects which he has here touched upon, as, for instance, G. H. Joyce's book on *Principles of Natural Theology*, and P. Coffey's treatise on *Metaphysics*. At the same time we would warn the general reader of the obscurity and vagueness of this well-printed, rather dear, and un-indexed essay.

H. P.

MOST of our modern philosophers are incomplete in their survey. This, however, can hardly be said of the work of George Santayana, sometime Professor of the History of Philosophy at Harvard University. In *The Life of Reason* (Constable) he has presented his provisional conception of the universe of things in five unnumbered and closely-packed volumes. Unfortunately, there is no index to any of them ; the summary at the head of each chapter in the table of contents offers little systematic aid to the reader ; and for the student we should say that the method and the style will present serious difficulties. Another feature of these volumes is the almost entire

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absence of footnotes, or of any of the scholarship indicated by the mention of book, page, or date. This, however, should not be deemed surprising, for the writer believes that he has something new to give to the world, and consequently one after another the great thinkers of the past are summoned for judgment and, as a rule, condemned.

How far the present issue is to be regarded as a mere reprint, or a new edition, we are not informed. But we gather from the opening words of the Preface that the work stands unchanged ; for we are assured that "There is hardly a page that would not need to be re-written, if it was perfectly to express my present feelings." We can scarcely be expected to review, in these circumstances, in detail a work of such magnitude, published twenty years ago. Its effect on thought has probably not been great. The writer disclaims any finality for his opinions, except possibly for the view that there is no finality. "If reason and life are to operate at all, criticism merely offers us the opportunity of revising and purifying our dogmas, so as to make them reasonable and congruous with practice." The author embraces too wide a field in his labours—his rapid thoughts remind one of fireworks, or a too swiftly moving cinema. A most diffuse writer on metaphysical subjects, he yet condemns metaphysics. Indeed, he condemns most philosophy except his own, but very often, as we understand him, with his tongue in his cheek. His style lends itself readily to quotation on almost every subject ; but you can never be sure, till you have read the context, whether the passage chosen really means what the common man will take it to mean. He is no Positivist, but a poet. He is no scholastic either in doctrine or in spirit. He harks back to the Greeks. He accepts the perpetual flux of Heraclitus, which he would probably consider to be his own characteristic doctrine. As to the moderns, those who figure in history have all gone wrong. Emanation, evolution, sensism, crude materialism, the advocates of necessary truth, are all rejected. In psychology he is

The Pharisees

vaguely materialistic: "Love and ambition are unmistakably blossomings of material forces. Psychology remains . . . an ill-developed branch of natural science, pieced out with literary terms and perhaps enriched by occasional dramatic interpretations."

The root of all this pseudo-philosophy is levity, a love of paradox, a bewildering luxury of the imaginative faculty, the etherealization of every historic or moral belief. The universe and life need an interpretation that transforms them, and proclaims them to be a perpetual deception. Indeed, Professor Santayana speaks as if most educated men were to be counted among the foolish, and the whole world a monstrous illusion. He supplies himself a just description of his own manner: "A want of soberness and a want of cogency, which is so characteristic of modern philosophers." We regret these playful incursions into the realms of the gravest thoughts. But the author is capable of better things. Take, for example, the simple statement: "Science is nothing but common sense extended." Take also a reference to Hegel: "Yet for Hegel it matters nothing how instable ideals might be, since the only use of them was to express the principle of transition, as this principle was being realized, eternally and unawares, by the self-devouring, and self-transcending purposes rolling in a flux." And this on Idealism: "In fact, those who call ordinary objects unreal do not, on that account, find anything else to think about. . . . Their exorcism does not lay the ghost, and they are limited to addressing it in uncivil language." His *bêtes noires* are Protestantism, Aristotle, Hegel, and, in a lesser degree, the Catholic Church.

H. P.

TWELVE years ago Mr. Travers Herford, B.A., wrote a book on *Pharisaism, its Aim and its Method*. Since that time Professors Lauterbach, of Cincinnati, and Baeck, of Berlin, have contributed to the subject. Acknowledging his obligation to these two writers, Mr. Herford in a recent book, *The Pharisees* (Allen and Unwin) has published an entirely new study of this Jewish sect. The

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purpose of the book is, briefly, a vigorous defence of Pharisaism, a scathing attack on the attitude of Christ, St. Paul, and Christians generally, with the underlying conviction that "when Christianity shall have done all it can do, under the forms and conditions which it has hitherto adopted, there will then be a Judaism able and ready to offer its imperishable treasure, kept safe through the ages, to a world which will no longer scorn."

The author insists at the outset that Christian writers have hitherto failed to do justice to the Pharisees. Lightfoot and Schoettgen, in spite of "a mastery of the Rabbinical literature," were unfair by constantly contrasting the Law with the Gospel; Schurer and Bossuet meant to be honest, but lacked erudition in Rabbinical literature; Weber's "very wide reading" of the same literature did not give him "the slightest comprehension of the real nature and intention of Pharisaism"; Ewald, Hilgenfeld, Wellhausen, and all non-Jewish scholars, have failed to grasp the truth of the matter: they have relied for the most part on the New Testament, Josephus, and the Apocalyptic writings, and have neglected, the writer adds rather inconsistently, the true sources—the Rabbinical literature.

The matter treated may be reduced to six headings: The Rise of Pharisaism, Rabbinical Literature, Pharisaical Practice, Christ, St. Paul, and the Continuance of Pharisaism down to the Present Day. The first two of these subjects are the most instructive. Here the writer is master of his matter, and undoubtedly adds much that previous writers failed to gather; only later, when the other side of the question is examined, does the reader begin to spell failure. The reason of this failure is due to an excellent axiom which the author proposes early in his work: "Two things cannot be rightly compared until it has been first ascertained what each of them is by itself, apart from such comparison." To put the matter in a nutshell, the writer is a first-rate scholar of Rabbinical literature, with a very third-rate knowledge of Christianity, especially in its origins. Thus he skilfully traces the

The Pharisees

Pharisees from the Sopherim and Hasidim ; with decisive clearness he marks them off from the Sadducees ; their lofty conception of the divinely-given Torah, and loftier ideas of the value of its traditional interpretations, are sketched with a master's hand ; and he elucidates the object and contents of Halachah and Haggadah, distinguishing the one from the other with a precision that is truly illuminating. All this is not only well done, but very well done.

On Pharisaical practice he is naturally much less impressive. We say "naturally" for two reasons : for, in the first place, it is one thing to write down rules of life and another thing to live by these rules ; and, secondly, of living Pharisees in the time of Christ the evidence is confined to the New Testament and Josephus. This is unfortunate for Mr. Herford's thesis, which, at the same time, suffers from the fact that the days are passing when the New Testament writings can be despised as historical records. Even putting this evidence aside and confining our attention to the Rabbinical writings, we cannot entirely overlook certain unattractive features. The narrow and exclusive orthodoxy is not free from the tone of arrogance and self-complacency ; the attitude towards fellow Jews—the Sadducees and the Am-ha-aretz—is far from commendable ; there is a pomposity about the dictates ; it is not untrue to say that art and literature were despised ; and that not the slightest attempt seems to have been made at systematic thought. It was against this over-riding dictation and the poverty of its practical expression in the daily lives of the Pharisees of His day that the Light of the World flashed forth unsparing condemnation.

Mr. Herford is chary where he speaks of Jesus : the phials of his wrath are flung instead at St. Paul. But he has failed altogether to understand the attitude of Christ. Was it not precisely because they were the spiritual leaders that He expected better of them ? Did he not complain that their midrash missed the main point (John v. 39) ? And yet, did He not command

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His followers to submit to the Pharisees when they spoke *ex cathedra* (Matt. xxiii. 2, 3)? When asked by them which was the greatest commandment of the Torah, did He not give them their own answer exactly? Did He not number Pharisees among His friends—Joseph, Nicodemus, and Simon? In view of all this and of the character which the writer gives to Jesus—“a personality marked by spiritual force and intensity to a degree unknown before or since”—is it not futile to insist again and again that Jesus had no real knowledge of Pharisaism and apparently never tried to understand it? And then to declare that Jesus “taught many things which the Pharisees taught,” so much so that “the teaching itself was, by comparison, of hardly any importance”? Again, the writer utterly misunderstands the acceptance of Christianity by the millions, when he reduces it simply to a matter of “personality.” Mr. Herford flounders hopelessly when he meets the evidence of the New Testament.

But it is the cavalier method of dealing with St. Paul that brings the most discredit on the book. Paul had to be reckoned with—and as a powerful witness; but in his regard there was no need to stoop to unfairness that is often gross. Had Paul been a Sadducee or of the Am-ha-aretz, Mr. Herford’s task might have been simplified; but in spite of everything Paul *was* a Pharisee: “according to the most strict sect of our religion I lived, a Pharisee” (Acts xxvi. 5); “a Hebrew of the Hebrews, in observance of the Torah—a Pharisee” (Phil. iii. 5). He graduated as a Pharisee under the leading professor of his day (Acts xxii. 3): he was an extremist in the cause of Pharisaism, ardently zealous for those very “traditions” of which Mr. Herford has so much to say in his book (Gal. i. 14). Further, he was constantly in touch with Pharisees—converted and unconverted. Against some of the former he wrote two treatises on the Law—the first a rough draft sent to Galatia, and the second a polished exposition sent to Rome: the unconverted Pharisees found no fault in him when, as “a Pharisee,

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the son of Pharisees," he spoke a doctrine that agreed with their own (Acts xxiii. 9).

We have quoted these passages to show that, if there was one person who knew Pharisaism of the time of Christ from within and from without, that person was St. Paul. The reader will seek them in vain in Mr. Herford's book: significantly, he omits every single one of them. He might have questioned their authenticity or historicity: instead, he adopts the method of vilifying the witness against his contentions in the following terms: "There were reasons why Paul, who ought to have known better, perpetuated the same mischievous error" (viz., calling the Torah the "Law"): "Paul, who as a former Jew did not know what else there was in Torah besides Halachah, has inflicted upon the Jews an injury without excuse by steadily ignoring that other element"; "the Christian criticism of the Pharisees proceeds from men who were not Pharisees"; "Paul is the very last person who ought to be relied on as a witness to the nature of Pharisaism"; "Judaism was widely different from the misshapen phantom conjured up by Paul"; "Paul presented a mere travesty of Judaism." These remarks are taken from different parts of Mr. Herford's book. They need no comment.

The final point on which Mr. Herford lays stress throughout his book is that Pharisaism flourishes even till to-day. In one sense this is hardly true, since a floating mass of changing opinions may be said to have contiguity, but not continuity. True, the underlying Jewish belief has remained, but, to use the writer's own words, "the contents of that belief have been conceived in different ways at different times and by different teachers." The natural explanation of the permanence of Judaism may be easier than that, for example, of the permanence of Buddhism, where persecution on the one side and undying hatred on the other have not served as props; but there is a supernatural explanation for the continuance of the Jewish religion, an explanation found in Christian prophecy, to be fulfilled when the remnant of the Jews shall

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find the completion of their ancient belief in a Church, which, Jewish in origin, knows no distinction between Jew and Gentile, but only oneness in Christ. In those dark days when Faith shall be all but extinguished shall the Jews lay their imperishable treasure of Messianic hope at the feet of the Son of God.

T. E. B.

